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# A ROMANCE OF THE JERSEY PINES

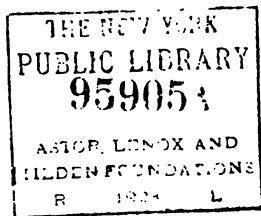
BY  
BESSIE B. WARWICK



BOSTON  
RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS  
✠

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Made in the United States of America

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
MY PARENTS  
EMALINE WILSON  
AND  
CHARLES HOPKINS WARWICK

W 3 X 2 U 8





## A ROMANCE OF THE JERSEY PINES



# A ROMANCE OF THE JERSEY PINES

## CHAPTER I

My grandmother Quinnovette lived in North Jersey, but until she was quite aged she made her annual visit to see her two sons, Robert and Malcolm, who had settled in South Jersey, near the border of the pine belt.

The business in which these sons were engaged required them to live in this section.

When I was a little girl, as far back as I could remember, whenever grandmother came we would have a very wonderful and unusual visit from James and Kathleen Nevarret.

From the nursery windows I could see coming coming up our driveway two jet black horses drawing a barouche.

On the front seat James sat and drove, and the coachman sat beside him with one side-long eye on him, for well did James need it.

The back seat was always occupied by Kathleen, his wife. She had evidently known for a long time that there were times in her life when she had to take her fate in both hands and watch that she did not leap into unknown space.

The horses would stop in front of the veranda: Sambo the coachman would get out, ring our door bell and present our only hired girl with two visiting cards and wait until she came back to say that Madame and Mrs. Quinnovette were at home.

This call was usually a rather prolonged one. Mother was a very hospitable woman and afternoon tea and cake were always served. James never ate the cake, but he had a great capacity for tea. He probably seldom ever partook of such a light beverage except when he and Kathleen made these stated calls at our home or on some of our neighbors.

The neighbors of his own Tract never would have thought to have offered him tea.

They would leave our home in the same dashing style as they came. More than once I have heard my mother say, "Well, we have started them back home safely. Let us hope they will reach it."

In those days we children were not expected to inquire about our visitors. Although I had

often pondered over these people it was not until I was about ten years of age that I plucked up enough courage to ask my grandmother Quinne-votte why they seemed so different from our other visitors.

It has often been a wonder to me that the grown up folks never consider that all of us children have our day dreams. This woman understood me. So she took it upon herself to tell me the story. It was a day when the summer was smiling all around the old Tract and the June rose nodded in every garden. We went out in our apple orchard. She sat in the old stump chair and I sat on the green grass beside her.

She sat for a long time in silence, and began by saying that the freshness of a June day made her always wish that she might live her life over again.

## CHAPTER II

At first I could scarcely make out what she was talking about for she seemed to go back to the time when America was new to her. When I came out of the dream of her back home talk she was saying, "If James Nevarret's father had only been just to his son that one fateful day so long ago how different the boy's life might have been! James was always a little animal, and I never expected him to be an angel but he might have more hope now than it looks as if he would have. It's a long, long story, my little girl, and it will take more than one talk to tell it."

This was the way that grandmother began her story and long after her death that little girl grew up and lived to see the end of it.

### CHAPTER III

At the time when this State of New Jersey was young as a state there lived in baronial splendor a family by the name of Nevarret, in what was then the pines of South Jersey and which still can claim the distinction of that name although at this late date it is known as the edge of the pines.

This family came by their possessions through one of those wonderful old land deals that the kings of Europe used to make for any of their subjects to whom they might be greatly indebted.

One of the kings of England found himself very much in debt to one of the European kings and incidentally at the same time both kings were indebted to two of their most powerful subjects whose claims could no longer be put off.

The king of England gave his subject, Henri Quinnovette, a tract of land in the New England colonies and one in the land of the pines of the Province of Ceaseria in the New World.

Then, not being what one would term a good surveyor, he turned around and paid his debt to



the European king with land situated in the pine belt of Ceaseria.

This pine belt took in what had been previously given to Henri Quinnovette. To complete the complication the European king, in order to clear himself of debt and other unpleasantries with the Nevarret family, bestowed his newly annexed pine belt upon the Nevarrets.

Neither the Quinnovettes nor the Nevarrets seriously crossed each others' path way back in the past, so far as is known at this time. But it caused more or less confusion in fixing up titles. To this day they may not be clearly defined, even if they were worth seeking.

The Quinnovettes had two country homes; one in the south of England along the banks of the Avon, and the other near the Scottish coast.

They usually summered in London or Calais, where they also had possessions.

While at their home in the North of England Henri, the second son, descendant of the way-back Henri and true to Henri's reputation, one day on pleasure bent crossed the Border into Scotland to his undoing.

Oft times before he had crossed and met the little girl with the golden ringlets but this fateful

time Henri had looked too often upon the wine when it was red and it had gone to his head.

There was a hasty marriage at Gretna Green. If the little bride repented she never said so. Before Henri had sobered up he presented his bride to his father.

This marriage took place a few years after the accession of Scotland to England, and the feeling ran high against the English marrying subjects of the subjected country. Hence the anger of Henri's father.

Henri and his wife were disowned, and no doubt but that their names were struck from the entail. If the past could only speak, perhaps we would find that this has happened to many of the early English-American families.

Thus they were lost to the Eighth Edition of Burke's Book on the Gentry of England. Neither could they say from the beginning, "We can go back and inherit."

That act at Gretna Green lost them their English rights.

## CHAPTER IV

Henri Quinnovette's father, desiring of all things to put them out of his sight, relented in so far that he gave them what was to him only a name, the pine belt in Ceaseria in the New World and enough to start them on this new venture, and then he left them to their fate.

Henri, having been trained for the life of a soldier, accepted his fate more or less resignedly. But this was not so with his wife, for she made life at least lively for Henri.

Henri settled at the northern end of the Tract. He was able to adapt himself to new conditions. He carved out of the wilderness a home that even his own father need not have scorned. His manner of living was like his English forbears.

The Quinnovettes had been in America two generations before the Nevarrets settled on their claim.

## CHAPTER V

The Nevarets were large land owners in the heart of the mountains near St. Paul-du-Var in a Province of Southern France. Their chateau overlooked the beautiful French Alps.

Jacques Nevarret, the founder of this family, was all that could be desired as a man to rule over many men.

The women of the family had always been patronesses of the Convent de Passe-Prest. Seldom a generation passed but that one of them went into retreat within its quiet walls.

Still can be found in that family rare bits of wonderful hand embroidery wrought by the hands of the faithful. The greatest prized piece, although to this generation the saddest, is an ancient double-glass-framed embroidered copy of the Ten Commandments.

These were worked in heavy gold and black lettering. They were enclosed in a circle of Madonna lilies worked in red. So perfect are they yet that one could almost feel that the fragrance

of the real ones had come down to us through the ages.

The pure white cloth upon which the letters were embroidered looks now as if the ancient Confucious, in placing a benediction on the sacred words of a nun of one of the pagan nations, had granted it the coloring of his own race.

That dear ancient Dominican sister as she worked on the delicate letters, now and then glancing out of the narrow-paned, deep mullion window of her cell across to the beautiful blue Mediterranean or on the sides of the mountains where the pines swayed to and fro and talked to the birds in their branches, never knew where would be the final resting-place of her most cherished piece of work.

## CHAPTER VI

Just a few years before the American Revolution Jacques Nevarret married Annette Freneau-verre, and they came to visit her relatives in the Province of East Jersey. At a party given in their honor they met some of the members of the Quinnovette family.

The result of a visit by Jacques to the home of the head of the Quinnovette family on the following day was his deciding to take up his claim in the Province.

The Nevarrets were interested in iron in the old country. The Quinnovettes had large furnaces of bog iron in this Province.

Their claims in the Province, running as they did, favored the extending of the furnaces farther south. Before 1800 there were whole lines of these furnaces up and down the Province.

## CHAPTER VII

Jacques Nevarret never made his permanent home on the tract. He had a fine residence in old Philadelphia. For his convenience he had four chateaux built at about equal distances from each other on the belt. Instead of building them after the architecture of France, he borrowed the more substantial framework of his neighbors of the Netherlands.

The most southerly of these chateaux was at the edge of the pine belt; at the south-eastern part of what is now one of the largest countles of New Jersey.

This chateau was built of bricks. It was long and narrow with a huge chimney at either end. The front faced the river. Both the front and the back of the house had high, wide verandas running the entire length of the house. They reached the second story and were supported by great pillars of stone.

The first floors were used entirely for offices storage and help.

The second floor had a large hall in the center with a ballroom and parlors on one side and

dining and sitting rooms on the other side.

The third story was for bedrooms. There was an airshaft loft above with the half moon windows at each end. A stairway led to the roof. Dormer windows were set in the center of both sides of the loft.

Each side of the center of the roof was flattened about ten feet and safely railed. This platform was used for an open air observatory. This gives an idea of one and all of the chateaux, but the one farthest north and along the shore was built of riven white cedar shingles. The interiors of all of these houses were of oak, red cedar, holly, and gum.

The parlors and two bedrooms in each chateau were furnished in the style of the old home in France. At the rear and to the right of the great hall was the open spindle staircase with a grandfather's clock at the wide landing. On the walls of the staircase hung many pictures of the Nevarrets in armor.

On a rare and ancient piece of tapestry depicting on cloth of gold one of the famous battles of the "War of the Roses" was the great Coat of Arms of the Nevarret family and beneath were crossed the swords of France.



Suspended from the center of the ceiling was an immense chandelier that was hung thickly with glass drops and lighted by many candles.

Upon a mahogany drop leaf table was a large copper chafing dish. A candle-stand always held a good supply of candle-sticks and candles to light the numerous guests to their bed chambers. Handsome chairs of the Hepplewhite style and lounge-chaises always seemed to invite the parting guest to linger.

To the left of the hall was the parlor and beyond that the spacious ball-room with the fireplace wide enough for many logs and a back log that would not burn out in a night. Low-back and high-back settles gave you a draft or withheld it.

The floor, after the colored help had waxed and polished it, was as shining as the face of the boy that did it. A mild light from many candles that were placed in tall silver candelabra and girandoles flooded the room. The air of the room had the odor of resin mixed with the melting sweet wax.

To the right of the main hall a second hall in the opposite direction led to the state banqueting room. Facing you, as you entered, was the fireplace, in front of which were the large screens—

on the mantle above it stood a large Correlli platter whose blue rivaled the Willow dishes either side of it.

At each end of the banqueting hall stood a high-back armed chair with rush bottoms. The low rush bottom chairs were at the side of the table. The Spanish serving table was as large as the Spanish side-board that faced it. The seven pronged candelabra and sconces on the wall were used in lighting it.

On either side of the second hall were two rooms. Two of these were used as dining rooms and were furnished with gate-legged tables and the first period Colonial Windsor chairs.

Opposite to these small dining rooms were two rooms, one used as a general sitting room, and the other held many lead-paned Spanish cabinets. These cabinets were used to hold the curios found in the Province.

In the bedrooms above were the four posters, sacking bottom beds of the Colonial period with a highboy or a lowboy chest of drawers and an Ingleside chair.

Each bed had a warming pan and each room a foot warmer. The floors of these chateaux were covered with costly Venetian carpets.

## CHAPTER VIII

The thick undergrowth had been removed from about these homes. A few stately oaks, walnuts, and cedars were left standing to soften the sun's warm rays.

The entire clearings around the chateaux were enclosed by blocks of turf, the height of which was five feet and the width three feet. The outside and the top of this turf were dotted with the yellow and green tints of the Shamrock of Ireland. On the inside, nestling in the wide chinks of the turf, the sweet-briar and cabbage rose rivaled each other in beauty.

In front of these homes a wide pathway, bordered each side with box tree, led to the main entrance. A circular driveway crossed it at right angles.

Standing in front of the great door of the entrance and looking out, one saw the wonderful greensward and beyond the great towering pines.

From the rear porch the steps led down to a wide pathway into the gardens. Again passing

through the box-bordered paths we could see the holly, spruce, fir, and cedar.

Along trellises were banked the love-apples, treasured then for their beauty and not for eating. Magnolia, dogwood, laurel, hollyhock, each had its setting.

The great castor bean and the sunflower flaunted their colors to the sun. Jack-in-the-pulpit made stately bows to love-tangle. Lady-slipper and Indian moccasin held friendly meetings. Bluebells and primrose grew side by side. Dandelion and periwinkle were always near to give a passing nod to cowslips and buttercup. Sweet fern and clover were banked at the farthest end of the garden, and afforded food for the bees. The chateaux never lacked honey from their own beehives.

Gooseberries and currant bushes separated the flower garden from the kitchen-garden. On one side of the kitchen-garden could be seen the blue-plum, ox-heart cherry, Roman-stem, bitter-sweet, wine-sap, and crab-apple trees.

Over the turf fence the wild cherries and the scrub-plums of the seashore. Long staked arbors of fox grapes divided the orchard part of the garden from the vegetables. On that side could

be seen growing in orderly profusion Indian corn, waving its silky tassels to the pole beans, melons, squashes, cucumbers, onions, the sweet and white variety of potatoes, poke, cabbages, radishes, and one touch of their native land, the French artichoke.

Just beyond the enclosure could be seen great fields of turnips and cattle corn. The corn in the chateau gardens had been lately cultivated.

## CHAPTER IX

Beyond the turf walls following the trails of the Lenni Lenape Indians could be seen the dandelions, milkweed, wild carrots, and plantains. The false and true Solomon's seal and the scarlet-flower made their home on the marshes. You had but to lift the last year's foliage of the trees and you would find nestling under its cover the dainty arbutus, first harbinger of Spring. Golden rod and silver rod made the earth look like the glory of sunset lighting the sky.

In walking along one had to watch closely not to trip over the wild strawberry or cranberry vines, so thick did they grow by the wayside. Push aside the bushes and wander through the scrub oaks and you could pick tea-berries to your heart's content—or wander by the swamps and you could make your dinner easily by gathering swamp huckleberries or the big blueberries.

## CHAPTER X

To Jacques and Annette Freneau Nevarret were born five children: Jacques, Pierre, Marie, Annette, and Eugenie.

When Eugenie was about three years old her mother died and was buried in Philadelphia.

A few years after the death of Anette Nevarret the father of Jacques, her husband, laid aside the earthly possessions he had in France and passed to the home of his fathers.

This made it needful for the American branch to go back home. Pierre was at this time a young man twenty-two years of age.

They temporarily closed the Philadelphia home. Pierre was put in entire charge of the Pine properties. The English and French overseers of the different industries pledged themselves to keep the industries going on just the same as when the owner was there.

The three girls and the oldest son Jacques went back to France with their father and eventually succeeded to the titles and possessions.

Jacques Nevarret was a genial aristocrat. This was not the case with his son Pierre. He was extremely arrogant. He failed to realize that after all it would be his mind rather than his body that would go one living, and that after his generation he became his own ancestor.

His father's generation and his own, having been accustomed to rigid rule, accepted his commands without comment.



## CHAPTER XI

The family had kept closely in touch with the family in France. Pierre had been educated abroad. From childhood he had known and visited the Pline family, living on the adjoining estate, and had known Cecile Pline from her girlhood.

A year after he took possession of the Tract he went to France and married Cecile. She crossed the Atlantic on her wedding trip and took up her home at the lower chateau.

Cecile Nevarret being of a religious turn of mind added to the chateau a family chapel. This was built at the north end of the rear of the house with a covered pathway leading to it from the porch.

An elderly priest of the church visited this tract once a fortnight. All the people of the same persuasion, and all others, were welcomed at the services.

Also, she built and sustained a non-denominational church for those of the Tract not of Cecile's faith. There were many of these worshippers.

This was largely due to the fact that when the Huguenots landed in the south of Georgia several families came to New Ceaseria settling near the Mullica River. As time went on these families had married and intermarried with the Calvinistic emigrés who originally landed at Elizabethtown.

Then, too, it was only natural that the followers of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, who lived at Point Breeze, Bordentown should seek the far off neighbors and friends of their youth.

This bit of French gayness added color to the otherwise somber English Quakers, Hollanders, and Scotchmen who lived on the Tract.

They always made one think of the many tinted butterflies flitting here and there on the turf wall or matching colors in the flower garden beneath.

All Circuit Ministers made it their mission to hold services in this church. Never a Sabbath passed that the church was not opened. The Sunday dinner at the chateau, served from de Possi china, had a reputation of its own that no invited guest allowed to pass by.

## CHAPTER XII

Cecile added the beautiful pink-pattern, green-painted bedroom furniture to a few of the bedrooms and Venetian blinds to the windows. These blinds replaced the first hangings of the chateau, which were crimson, French-velvet curtains that touched the floor. For over a generation these hangings kept themselves in remembrance. As the houses of the employed people of the tract were low and rambling, these curtains passed on to the good wives could not be used in their legitimate places. Consequently, being thrifty women, they were used as bed-spreads, shawls, dresses, and trousers.

The boys and girls who appeared along the wayside trails in these fallen splendors were very careful not to flaunt their colors in the face of a bull who differed in opinion with them; unless they were sure they could outrun the animal and reach a tall pine first.

In the fruit garden she planted the sheepnose and bow-apple trees.

A truly French matron never let her cuisine lack herbs for high flavoring. So to the garden were added rows of lavender, thyme, sage, catnip, and parsley.

## CHAPTER XIII

From the surrounding woods the bound boys and bound girls gathered sassafras for its oil, alder bark for bark tea, and the inner bark of the white oak, which was steeped and used as a gargle for sore mouths and sore throats. The elderberries and blackberries, dewberries and blueberries, which they gathered were used for wines and cordials.

The leaves and the roots of the mint families were never overlooked, so valuable were they in the home medicines.

Often they would linger in the open to watch the bald-eagle in his flight across country, waiting to see if he would shed the spent quill-feather they so much prized for a pen-point. Perhaps on a dead limb of a pin oak the white-breasted nuthatch or the brown creeper would be timidly watching them; while on a spruce pine, adding touches of color to the gloom of the woods, sang the golden-crowned and ruby-crowned kinglets.

Many times they lingered to watch the viper snake charm the chipmunk until the call of the

tree frog or the lone, sad cry of the distant loon warned them to make for the outside of the woods.

Then they would settle the silent battle by killing the charmed and the charmer with a sling shot. The former they took home for its skin and for eating. The latter for a hoo-doo to the colored boys who did the stable work. This afforded them a good colored pow-wow without having to pay for it.

The medicines were distilled and stored in a room on the first floor off the kitchen. The work was done by the colored women who were overlooked by two Indian women from the tribe at Cranberry, who were well versed in the art of early medicines.

The grubbed ground and new ploughed land were worked by freed negroes from the manumitted colony near Brotherton.

When Jacques Nevarret first took possession of the tract he purchased (at the slave market where the slave vessel anchored along the north Jersey shore) several slaves. Some of these were freed during the life time of Pierre. At his death he freed the others by will.

## CHAPTER XIV

The chateaux were built on the ridge of land that is the watershed of Jersey. They had the Atlantic Ocean on the East and the Delaware River to the west. This gave Cecile, when she walked along the open air observatory, a far-reaching view of the green fields of wheat, rye, and corn, and the dazzling color of the buckwheat and flax, the deer in the deer parks, and the giant pines, which always seemed to say to her, "You loved our kin in France, love us here. Span the ocean and be in harmony with the world. Embrace the soul of the entire world. It will be to you the most precious possession in your life. To you work is duty. It is the duty of all. Each one has a place to fill and each must carry his share of the heavy load in order that the world may continue to move in its orbit. Are you preparing for the days to come? For when you are what you are because of what has been? When we are fallen and you are gone to your reward: what a long, long time is still before the world."

## CHAPTER XV

Among the French Huguenots of the settlement, Cornelius Devere was acknowledged to be their leading man in sport as well as in work. No man could throw the hammer any better, bowl any swifter or surer; and seldom a discus missed its mark. He was such a swift runner that even the Indians gave a grunt of approval at the end of a race. He was one of the few who were always invited to the Indian swimming bouts.

In the long jump, running jump, and high jump, no one excelled him, but he had a close rival in Pierre Nevarret.

Cornelius was the overseer of the log cuttings. He did by the estate as faithfully as if it had been his own. He exacted the same obedience of his three sons.

His wife, Jeanette Devere, was a hard-working woman. As there were three half grown daughters to take charge of the house, she took charge of the flax and the spinning at the chateau. She had the bound girls to wash and bleach the flax



along the river. Then she took it home at night for her own daughters to comb and card it.

The spinning was done in the large kitchen of the great house. The smaller spindles were worked by the girls and the larger one by the negro women.

## CHAPTER XVI

In the early years of Pierre's and Cecile's marriage, two children had lived but to die and were laid beside the lone grandmother in the old cemetery in Philadelphia.

When they had been married eight years, James was born. He outlived his parents a number of years. He was a very lovable child, intense in his likes and his dislikes, with a strongly inherited tendency for the letter of the law as well as the spirit of the law. In appearance he could easily have been taken for the son of Frederick the Third of Denmark. His eyes were the color of the sky on a clear summer day. They were shaded by black lashes that were long and curly. The eyebrows were heavy and dark. The thick hair above his high, wide forehead was sunny brown. Every feature of his face was perfect and cast in the classical lines of his French ancestry. As a boy he was taller than the playmates of his own age. In manhood he was taller and broader than the type of men of his own nation.

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James inherited from his Grandfather Nevarret a highly developed and keen sense of humor. He seldom laughed with his lips but his merry twinkling eyes told the tale.

## CHAPTER XVII

Three years before James' birth Robert Newham (always known as Bob Newham) was born. His father was one of the turf cutters. Bob had several older brothers and sisters, some married, but all poor as their father and mother were before them.

Bob was eleven years old when his mother died after years of hopeless complaining.

After the manner of the times, she had a large funeral. All who owned any sort of a vehicle were especially invited in order to have a long line of carriages to follow her to her last resting place.

Bob's father did Pierre and Cecile the personal honor of going to the chateau to extend the invitation.

Neighborly kindness had done all that could be done to have things suitable for the occasion.

The coffin in which she was laid was made from the beautiful tree that all her dreary life she had loved.

To her, Bob and the tree symbolized all that was beautiful in her life.

Bob was worthy of her love. He was a lump of gold in a family of clay. It is thus that Nature sometimes twists itself and gives a repeat of a far remote ancestor. He was a tall boy, straight and lithe. His strong chin and firm mouth contradicted his winning smile and soft brown eyes and wavy brown hair.

His voice was soft and low, but penetrating because of its firm quality. Even in his poor clothes a stranger would always take a second glance at Bob.

The services being set for Sunday afternoon, the guests came early to secure the best seats at the feast that preceeded.

The funeral drinks were liberally provided by the tavern keepers of the section.

When the Nevarrets arrived with James, the yard as well as the house was filled with guests. They being the guests of honor, seats had been kept for them near the family.

As the services were about concluded Bob's father began crying and moaning to such a degree that one of his daughters made inquiries why he did so.

His explanation was, that their mother had wanted to take a good long ride in a carriage for such a long, long time and had never had one, that now she was to have one he would feel better if she had her best bonnet and shawl put on her. It did not seem right to take her so far without proper clothing.

Her best bonnet proved to be a casing bonnet of an early Quaker, discarded by the original owner and given to his wife twenty-five years before, and the shawl, one of the first curtains of the chateau.

James' mother, recognizing the pathos, gently put them on her. Her reward was a quiet touch of Bob's hand on her dress.

James, looking up suddenly, remembered just how the farm hand had fixed up the scare-crow in the cornfield with a casing bonnet and possibly the mate to the curtain shawl.

Then his eyes dropped and he saw Bob's hand on his mother's dress and his little heart went out to Bob.

Bob had won a lifelong friend. James leaned over and whispered in Bob's ear, "If Annette Belleu or Thomas say anything to you tomorrow about the cornfield don't you care. I'll lick 'em

for you, Bob. I'm going to give you my new bow and arrow."

Then James leaned back on the bench upon which he was sitting to wait for his parents' turn to join in the procession. The time didn't seem long to him, for he was thinking of the beautiful socks that his aunts had sent him from Paris. Then how all his pleasure had been spoilt by Annette and Thomas saying, "Guess your folks must be awful poor when they can't get you stockings. Poor as our Daddy is, he buys them for us in winter."

James smothered a smile when he thought of how he told Thomas fifteen minutes after to go home and tell his Daddy how it was he got a bloody nose, a black eye, and a lump on his forehead. Now, much to James' delight, he would probably have another good chance to make that lump bigger.

In the midst of his thinking, his mother quietly took his hand and they took their place in the waiting line of wagons.

The wagon that carried the coffin headed the procession. This wagon was a flat, springless, open one covered by the sheet hooped top. This was known as the clam wagon of the shore.

The Conestoga wagon, so much used by the early Western emigrants was a modest pattern of this kind of wagon.

The burial ground for that family was many miles away. It was moonlight when they started home. Neither Bob nor James ever forgot that long, dusty ride.



## CHAPTER XVIII

The next day James' father sent for Bob's father and had a long talk with him in his office. Then he drove him home and when he came back he had Bob with him.

Bob was never a bound boy. Even haughty Pierre Nevarret recognized the royal gentleman he was and gave him the respect that was due him while he was a boy. On the Wednesday after Bob's change of homes from a cabin to the great chateau, Pierre took the two boys with him on business to Bridgetown. After visiting the bank they stopped at an attorney's office on the main street.

This lawyer, who took charge of the Nevarret's business affairs, was a friend of the family. In his astonishment at the unusual occurrence he made a few comments.

This was something he had never done before in the presence of his client.

"Well! Neille," said Pierre, "I want to secure the boy against my death or being called back to the Old Country. You may not see it—but to me

he has the look of the Plantagenet Line of the early Crusaders. It would be a mortal sin to leave him to his sordid surrounding.

"Just look! watch my son look at him. It is the beginning of Hero worship. I am protecting myself and my posterity in educating Bob's natural refinement.

"I have recognized for some time that his mother and I will soon have to send James abroad or to Philadelphia. A boy needs a chum and the friends on the Tract are too far away. What better could I make in investments than to bring one right to him?

"You see Neille, even proud Pierre Nevarret is like Achilles and Bob found the soft spot and in order to secure him from the hardness in my nature I have made you his guardian."

"Come Boys," he said, "We'll go and have dinner and start home before twilight."

Then with a smile on his face at the still puzzled look of his lawyer, they left the place for the much needed dinner.

Pierre Nevarret never made a better investment. As the years went by Bob silently shared his great sorrow. To only Cecile and James did he ever speak of it.

## CHAPTER XIX

On the way home from Bridgetown, Pierre told the boys that he intended to send them down to the Huguenot Settlement School in September.

During the summer he would tell them the things that all boys and girls should know of the still life and the animal life about them.

"Boys," he said, "when I was a boy about your age, Bob's father brought my brother and me to stay at the tract one summer while my mother and sisters went to France.

"We boys were very fond of collecting butterflies and the boys of the tract in a few weeks knew every species. Very few of these boys could either read or write. But some of them were young Indians and when they had once learned the name of the butterfly or moth they never forgot it.

"Their eyes were so true to coloring and their sight so far reaching that they were always the first to see the new species. We always said, 'The butterflies felt like the silk gauze and the moths like velvet.' "

"Sometimes when father had business at the

Forges at Taunton he would take us boys with him. We would leave there at sundown. He would go out of his way to take us around by the Indian Settlement. There, we boys were heroes.

"It would be dark by the time we arrived, but a big light made of pine bark and resin set on fire after being heaped on a shelf made of pine logs stretched like a table between two tall stumps of broad upright pines, guided us like the glow-worms, the night insects, and the ocean's phosphorous gleam, that is the mariner's pot of gold.

"Each boy who had been down to the tract had to take his turn in chanting the story of his day's pleasure. He sat on a woven rush mat in the center of the circle that was made up of all the settlement.

"Boys, I'll feel you have done well by your lessons if you can come home from school and tell me one half as much as those young Indian playmates of mine told their parents. Tomorrow, look in the butterfly cabinet and you will see the first year that we caught the monarch butterfly, tiger butterfly, the tussock moth and the cecropia moth."

"Could we find the caterpillars in summer?" asked Bob.

"Wait until September and you can easily secure plenty of them," said Pierre.

"The cabinet spaces for the butterflies were numbered by years and I want you to notice that there is one space empty one year. That was the summer after the terrible gale. The salt spray from the Atlantic Ocean was carried several miles westward and went beyond the tract. When it settled it killed the remaining vegetation. The next summer was very dry and the wild flowers and the flowers of the chateau gardens were so affected that they bloomed very little. The butterflies didn't get their honey food and they starved. The long drought killed the woodchuck, upland plover, yellow-billed cuckoo, downy-woodpecker, red-headed wood-pecker, and flicker, because the food they mostly eat, insects and worms, were either baked beneath the earth or killed by the salt spray."

Just before they reached the tract and had left the charcoal kilns, James grasped his father's hands and exclaimed, "Oh, father, did you hear those cries?"

"Yes, my son," said his father. They were sad notes of the mourning dove and the whip-poor-will."

"Bob," said Pierre, as they left the carriage and were going up the main entrance of the chateau, "you are to call me Mister, not Master, and James' mother, Madame, not Mistress."

"Well then, Bob," said James, "I am Jim."

"You had better ask your father about that," said Bob.

"Father, when two boys are chums they both have names they both want, don't they?" asked James.

"Yes," replied his father.

"Well, then, I am Jim to Bob. Isn't that so?"

"If that is what you have decided," answered his father.

## CHAPTER XX

Bob was given a bedroom next to Jim's, and that night he sobbed himself to sleep. Too much joy had been crowded in his life in one day. He wanted his mother to know about it.

The next morning he was up early, and at the breakfast table he quietly waited until Cecile was alone, and then he timidly asked if she thought that boy's mothers who were dead knew their boys had good homes and were happier than they had ever been, except when they were talking with their mothers?

"Yes, Bob, the dear mothers know, and they want the dear boys to be happy. At night, if they ever feel sad, they are just to think 'I'll always try to do right and make mother glad.'"

Thus Cecile answered and advised at the same time. So Bob took up his life as a member of the family at the chateau and in a very short time, so apt was he in adapting himself to his environment, a stranger would have thought he had been born in it.

True to his promise Pierre would give his talks to them in the evenings or during the day. When the business kept him at the lower chateau he would take them into the woods and explain the nature of the trees to them.



## CHAPTER XXI

One beautiful, cool, sunshiny day he took them to the charcoal clearings and explained to them how the men blazed the trees that they afterward felled. After this they were cut in even lengths. A deep open place was cleared in the ground for a pit. This space was filled with eight cords of wood. Sand was sprinkled all through the chinks and the top was heavily covered with it. Then they set fire to it and to be sure of even and slow burning they covered it with blocked turf.

When there were several of the pits or caves it took a number of the charcoal burners to watch them to prevent over-charring. So skillful did the burners become that it was seldom that this happened.

Around each of the four chateaux could be seen many of these smoking pits. The Nevarrets had a large business of this product in New York and Philadelphia. Great quantities were used in the refineries. It was used in bulk at the forges

and furnaces. "You know, boys," said Pierre, "the burners must know just the right time to smother the fire. And that is when the juicy vegetable life is dried out of the wood, leaving the fiber."

They went back home through the woods. Passing a white oak tree, they saw resting on the limbs three beautiful wood ducks. "Boys, look around quietly," said Pierre, "for somewhere in the hollow of a tree you will find the other young duckling. That's the mother duck that has commenced flying. She has heard us and is afraid for her other baby." Sure enough, on a hollow log just below the tree a duck's head appeared.

"Four would make a good roast. But when there are two boys and no gun, guess we will have to do without," said Jim.

The boys were so tired when they got home that they were glad enough to go to bed just as soon as they had eaten their supper. Not even the shrill call of the screech owl on a sycamore near the lake awakened them.

## CHAPTER XXII

A few days afterward the boys came into the chateau enclosure with sickly grins on their faces. Pierre, taking a noon rest on the veranda, scented a presence long before he saw them. As soon as he did he gave a swift command of, "Halt, boys, halt! I'll send Nimbo to give you a cleansing. I know you haven't been gathering La France Roses. Still I am curious to hear of your encounter."

"You tell, Bob," said Jim.

"Well, it was like this, Mister," said Bob. "We boys went down to the lower creek to set up our traps for the beavers and musk-rats, and right near one of them was a hollow stump and peeping out of it was an animal that looked like a rabbit.

"I'll get it," Bob said. But the next thing I knew, Bob was rolling in the marshes. Then old Pickies Natele's old bird dog went into the log and commenced scratching it. He had to come out three times before he succeeded in killing that beautiful Wood Pussie. Here's its pelt. Isn't it

a beauty? But say, Mister, I bet Old Pickles is hungry, for every time he came out of that stump he had a considerable less in his du-pan basket when he went back."

"Well, boys, after all it's a good joke. How would you like to have the pelt sent to France for your Aunt Eugenie to have a new collar? I am sure she will appreciate it much more when she hears the story. It reminds me of Bill Naeteal, one of the woodmen of the Lower Tract, and an adventure he had some few, years ago with one of the Friend store-keepers down at Upper Evesham, who in his quiet way was full of quaint humor.

"Bill had been down to get his week's groceries and when he went out of the store he asked the store-keeper what he could do for him the next time he came down. 'Oh just bring me along a nice, fat Wood Pussy,' said the store-keeper.

"The next week, when Bill started down to Upper Evesham he had a sixteen foot mule-team chain in his hand, at the end of which was carefully fastened as fine a specimen of the Wood Pussies as could be found in the Pine Belts.

"The store-keeper happened to be looking out of a side window. He saw Bill coming and he

took in at a glance what he was leading along by a chain.

"He met Bill at the store door. 'Here's your order,' said Bill. 'Changed my mind, Bill. Here's a couple of dollars to pay you for your trouble. Take it around to the store-keeper on the next street. I have heard that he wants one.' Bill made the rounds of the village with all of the business places in the town buying him off.

"He started out of the village with more money in his pocket than he had ever had at any one time before in his life. At the edge of the village, he killed the skunk, cleansed the pelt, and took it back to the only store keeper in the village he hadn't visited and sold it to him a little under value and bought his groceries with it.

"He told the choppers he didn't expect to work that winter and he was not going to let his wife or daughters sort spring cranberries.

"He made enough in one trip down to Upper Evesham to cover expenses until spring.

"And also, while it was well known among the woods folks that there were seventeen varieties of this animal and all the pine folks knew they had to know more ways to kill a skunk than one and they usually knew at least ten; he had found

that many of the hamlet people had scented a polecat many times but did not know the animal. But he was pretty sure now that most of them would after that trip.

“Boys, here’s a little advice to you while you are young. Always be sure of covering your tracks when you joke or try to match wits with a woodman. Many of them have to eke out an existence by means of their wits. With a good set of brains, the solitude of the pine wood (even with a lack of book education) is conducive to deep thinking. Some of my best friends’, (with large business connections in the big cities) grandfathers made a respectable living for their families by chopping fire-wood.”

## CHAPTER XXIII

Cecile sent the boys their dinner which they ate with a relish, sitting on the grass. Minty, the colored girl, told them that a friend of the master's had sent a fine sturgeon from Fancy Hill on the Delaware and there had been enough for all the families of the chateaux. They might be sure that she would see that the poor little boys who had to take their dinner on the grass had plenty of it creamed for their suppers.

"The mistress said everyone had to go to bed very early, for they expected to start at four o'clock the next morning for Clamtown. They were going to take over some deer skins, calf hides, fox and wild cat skins. Also beef, pork, and venison for the whaling vessel that was lying off the coast of Tuckahoe. Then take one of the Clamtown boats and fish for sheepshead, herring, and mossbankers. And the mistress said she did hope they would catch some good big croakers, for there wasn't any better sea fish than a fried croaker.

"The master expects to take you two boys with him in the cariole and if there is a good haul he is going to drive across country to Fancy Hill with a mess of sea-fish in return for one of the best sturgeon he ever tasted.

"Boys, I am going to tell you sompin' awful, but don't you-all tell on me. What do you think? Sambo and Nimbo, those two nigger boys, spect to slip off at Turkeyhoe, if they find out there is to be a fighting or a wrestling match over at Helltown. Say, wouldn't you hate to get the likkin' they'll get when they get back? La me, but I would!"

Everything went off as Minty had said.



## CHAPTER XXIV

Pierre told the boys as they cut the cross trail to the shore that he never passed that point but he always thought of a dear friend of his father's, Lieutenant Richard Somers. "I was only a little boy when the ship Nautilus left the Baltimore Roads with sails full set as she swept from the harbor that beautiful June morning. And it looked, as the sun was rising over the ocean, as if the vessel was sailing away into a ball of fire.

" 'Diogenes lived too early or Richard Somers lived too late,' said my grandfather. 'For on that vessel goes a Man.' And turning to me, he said, 'Boy, he will never return. But he will make the ocean safe for me and mine and you and yours.' "

"Boys," said Pierre, "as we near the shore I want you to notice that we have left the sandy trails behind us and we are driving along shell roads. The birds we are seeing are many of them much larger. Those two birds we now see on the marshes near those large reeds are the male and female horned grebes with their strong webbed

feet, white breasts, and black backs, and the male with his proud headgear. They make a beautiful picture in this landscape. Those two floating in the water beyond the reeds are the pied-bill grebe.

"The Bonaparte's gull and the herring gull both like to find an old sea wall where the sea weed gathers. So look out and keep a good watch and you will see their nest.

"When we take to the boats and have left the shore line we will see the common tern. They are never more contented than when they are floating on the mists of the ocean."

When they had gone out some distance and the men were busy fishing, Bob called out suddenly, "Oh, Mister! Look at those great black birds coming toward us." At the same time the captain saw them and called out to the sailors. "Turn back, boys, make for the shore and keep ahead of them." The sailors didn't need any second warning. "You have plenty of fish for all and we won't tamper with omens."

It was the dread Leach's petrel that was following the boat.

## CHAPTER XXV

Pierre took a good share of the fish. Then he and the boys went to the wagon. They drove across country and made Fancy Hill in the evening. They stayed all night and started back home just before noon the next day.

They reached the "William Hugg" Tavern at Old Arawamus just in time for dinner.

Under a great tree just in front of this tavern a number of men were seated on benches. They were holding a meeting. James asked his father if he knew what they were talking about.

"Boys," he said, "it's the annual meeting of the West Jersey Proprietors and that is the Charter Tree.

"This afternoon the Philadelphia Fox Hunting Club will start from this tavern. We will go into the dinner room now; then we will be sure to have a seat at the first table. After you have had your dinner I'll ask Mr. Hugg if you may go to the south window of the third story hall and look at

the vessels coming up the river. You must be sure to notice that the 'Old Augusta' the sunken British vessel of the American Revolution lies off in the distance.

The dinner of pork, succotash, coated potatoes, and rye bread with molasses pie and buttermilk to finish, served with large knives and two-pronged horn-handled forks was as much relished by the two hungry boys as if they were eating the fine capons from the chateau's dainty table.

The tavern keeper gave his consent for the boys to go up to the third story hall. Gazing out of the window, Bob said the great sails of the vessels made him think of the great brown pelicans that his father found last spring on the Upper Tract after the heavy sea storm. Jim not to be outdone, said, the low flat scows along the edges of the river looked like the mergansers out looking for sea fish.

They had been up there an hour or so when Jim, looking down, saw his father beckoning to him. Pierre met them at the lower main stairway. The tavern keeper gave them a seat at the south entrance.

## CHAPTER XXVI

Pierre told them that the hunt was about to start. If they would look under the group of trees just to the south of the house near the River they would see the fox. The tall man holding him by a chain was the great runner and in the past was the messenger runner between the Tavern and the Cohansey Settlements.

The huntsmen with their trousers, high top boots with over-laps of red leather, long red over-jackets with black satin vests, high white stocks, and black cravats, sitting at ease on their restless blooded horses, made the boys think they were at the tilting matches in Old England. Pierre had told them only a few nights before about those early English pleasures. They didn't think so much of the pack of dogs. The hunting dogs of the Tract were far superior. Each one of the boys had a good pointer.

They watched the hunt start. A fair start was given the fox, then the pack was let loose and

away went the riders. The hostler brought around Pierre's team. "Jump in quickly, boys. We will follow in the wake of them. The fox is headed cross-country and the men hope it will go toward the Fox Chase Tavern Trail." They followed the hunters till they had passed Evesham. They then turned at that place and went southward. "It's too far out of our way, so, boys, we had better turn homeward."

Both boys when they were older saw many a famous hunt in France and in England. But never a one gave them the keen delight of that first hunt along the Delaware.

## CHAPTER XXVII

That night for supper they had roasted canvas-back duck. Pierre looked at the colored man who was waiting on the table and then said in his sternest voice, "Good eating, good eating, but too early to rob the old ducks."

"Nimbo's grandfather found them and sent them to me as an early treat," said Cecile. "The old ducks had been killed and these couldn't swim. The boy said that Nimbo told him to tell the master that his grandfather had seen a Canada goose flying southward. He knew you would want to know it, so you might get the crops in early before the first frost caught them."

"Suppose you send to the upper chateau tomorrow for Minna Levintin. Jeanette Devere's baby girl that they set so much store on has a high fever from having her ears pierced to prevent her having weak eyes. Her mother is afraid she will not recover enough to send her to school in the autumn unless she stays at home this week and watches her. I want the flax gathered before

the dog star appears in the heavens, for the early night dews and the late morning ones may mold it. Captain Mellene told me the last time he was here he would bring me an equal exchange of hemp for the south flax field. Also I do not want too much work left for the women overseers when I make my summer visit to Monmouth," said Cecile to Pierre, as they were standing on the back veranda, watching the afterglow of the purple hued sunset.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

On the morrow Pierre told the boys at the breakfast table that the next day he would take them with him to the woods. He'd have Minty put up one of their favorite lunches and enough for two meals. They would stay until dark.

The July moon was still lighting the heavens when the boys appeared to the maids in the kitchen the next morning. When the cymbals sounded for breakfast and the boys started for the dining room Jim called out to Minty, "Put in plenty, Minty, I am hungry now but at noon out in the open I'll be hungrier."

Pierre watched the boys eat with the relish of young appetites the cat fish fried on layers of bacon steaked venison broiled, to which was added a rich cream gravy, parsnips browned in butter, brown hashed potatoes with a relish of French artichokes, and after the third bread-pulled, hot fried biscuit he stopped counting. This was followed by English brewed tea and the morning's first milking.

Pierre had a liver not good at working. When the boys left the table he told Cecile, "I'd give a Spanish Eight in gold to have eaten that breakfast as the boys did."

Nimbo brought the saddled horses to the block at the west doorway and they all mounted. This was new to Bob but Pierre easily taught him to sit still in the saddle. For he preferred the English mode of riding rather than the French jockeying of his own people. Nimbo followed in the cariole with the guns, trappings, and lunches.

## CHAPTER XXIX

"The wild carrots in the blooming time along these trails remind me of when I was in the islands, south of the old country," Pierre said, "there they are treasured for garden flowers. Some day we will have some of the cultivated asters from the home estates and then you will observe the same colors as these wild fall asters. But the cultivated ones are much larger.

"One of the English overseers said yesterday that he never looked at a field of clustering daisies without seeing again the old stone cottage in Yorkshire where he was born. 'Hoot! hoot!' said Scotch Walter, who was standing near him, 'Master, be ye watching the thistle? He's overshadowing the daisy.'"

"Well I wonder what Walter would say the crows are doing over in that marsh?" said Jim. "They're not crows. They are the red-winged black bird," said Bob.

"Father, do you think that Bob and I could decoy the wild pigeons and tame them?" asked Jim.

"If you boys want pigeons and will look after them I will have one of the men to bring some down from Monmouth when they take the next trip from the Upper Furnace with the bar iron," Pierre replied.

"Look ahead on the right of the trail, boys. See the clearing in the woods. When we get nearer you will see the remains of a sharp picket fence and notice how high it must have been. The owners of the North Tracts were here a long time before we were here. Their family said the settlers had to build these fences all around the clearings on account of the fierce wolves. It would have been impossible to have kept sheep. We think we have plenty of rattlesnakes now, boys, but we feel a little safer than the first settlers. Every family before they started out to clear up a settlement waited for the pigs to become full grown hogs. These they drove before them through the woods. The rattlesnakes had a special liking for the thick undergrowth. The hogs rooting in the ground were too thick skinned to be bitten by the snakes. The snakes not having

time to bite themselves, they afforded the hogs good eating."

"Father, I heard Bill Niegel tell the man, last Friday when we were at the salt works, that he had killed a four foot blacksnake the day before, near the Batsto millpond. He put the snake in the middle of the south trail not far from the store at the Forks. Then he took his nooning and stayed the rest of the afternoon at the store," said Jim.

"Mister, he showed me a notched stick where he had scored the number who had killed a black snake anywhere from four and a half to six and a half feet long, that day in the south trail. He only had eighteen notches. But he said he guessed I had better not say anything to the men about it. But he thought it might be safe to tell you. For maybe he might get tired out with eighteen fights at one time. But he couldn't tell which would make a man the bigger liar—catching fish or killing snakes."

## CHAPTER XXX

"Good morning, Otell," said Pierre, as they dismounted the horses at the lumber clearing. "I want you to tell me and the boys about this timber and how you prepare it for use."

Otell was the Norman-French overseer and came of a family who had been familiar with woods for centuries. If you have time we will start at the very beginning.

"My young masters," said Otell, "You ought to know that timber is the wood of trees. We cut the wood up to use for building. Turn around and look at a trunk of one of those trees just to the right of you.

"If I should take one of our large knives and cut that trunk into two parts, you would see that there are layers all in circles, one circle joining another. One of these layers is made every year.

"When we have the dry years in this section and the awful pests that get on the trees that you have often noticed near the Chateau, then the tree grows bad rings. These rings are often

larger at one time than they are at other times. This is because the seasons are not all alike.

“The rough outside is to keep the tree and is called the bark. Next to the bark is a layer almost like the bark. Then comes a deep space that forms the growth of the tree. The next one holds the blood of the tree and in tree language we call it sap. The color of that is usually light and it isn’t very strong. Just pick that piece up in front of you, Master James, and you will see what I mean. The inside part of all is the heart wood.

“The sap goes up through the sap wood the highest in the spring. That is why our trees last summer suffered so much because we had that awful sleet in the late spring after this happened. The sap is lowest in the winter.

“When the tree is older the wood thickens, by the drifting of outside substances into the soft bark. When we want to tell about how much the trees are growing we look at the soft rings, as they are the growing rings. These same rings are darker in the fall of the year. The spring, summer and fall growing makes all the growing for the year and is called the year’s ring. Sometimes this is plain and then again only we folks who are used to them can tell them.

"Trees, to have pretty crinkley places must have plenty of chance to bend and twist and to play hide-and-seek with the sun. We always like them for lumber, they look so pretty.

"When we want strong trees, we let the trees grow close to each other. Then the only way they can reach up to get a bit of fresh air is to run up their trunks.

"That pile of wood over there is our first order for the wonderful new railroad that is soon to be built from Old Camden to Amboy. The rails, I venture to say, will be hard enough to hold the spikes and I'll lay down a pence they wont be much spoilt by our queer sort of weather.

"Look around, boys, and if you are careful you will see that this end of the tract has two different kinds of trees. The trees with large wide leaves are usually strong trees, and, if I might say it, kind trees, for their leaves make nice warm bed-quilts for the little critters.

"These trees have only a little tar, pitch, and turpentine, but oh, they are heavy. Of course, I do not have to tell you boys that our beautiful, fine oaks are the hardest of the trees of this tract. For our largest sales are of the white oaks and the red oaks. The walnuts on this tract are as



fine as can be found in this province. We have just received a big order for our ash, poplar, beech, and maple.

"This tract also has the long narrow leaved trees which are mostly green all the year. As we take our sobriquet from them we ought to know as much as we can about them.

"There are several different kinds of pine trees. The white pine is a soft wood, but the other kinds are hard. The white pine is known by several different names. It makes all the difference in the world where it is found.

"We all know that they grow so tall, boys, I have seen pines that have been much over a hundred feet tall. Now on this tract they are over sixty-five feet. When I was up on the shore tract I noticed a pine that seemed almost six feet around it. Those that we are preserving now are a little less than three feet. On your way down here we passed the black and white spruce trees that we are saving for the tract.

"We are now watching the hemlocks. We have had an order for them. Those new tanneries use so much of this kind of bark. I heard the mistress remark the other day that the dogwood was so beautiful this spring. I wonder if you know

that we send so much of that to Paris to make your mother and her friends those shuttles and spindles for spinning.

"I see down below in the trail Cornelius Devere, overseer of the logging and I'll have one of the men tell him to take an afternoon off and talk to you all about his job," said Otell.

"Otell, go yourself and tell him," said Pierre. "Then both of you join us in dinner. I see Nimbo has finished the clam roasting by charcoal and the way Sambo has been turning the corn in its husk it is about roasted. Roast plenty of clams and corn, or you will come short in your eating," said Pierre. "The smell of the ocean will help the already keen appetites."

## CHAPTER XXXI

On a table of pine needles was spread the white tablecloth; each corner was weighed down by a log in the cutting. On the cloth was placed white bread smothered deep in good butter. The wild turkey roasted and filled with new sweet potatoes and black walnut filling, pickled sturgeon, smoked herring, the huge mango peppers, cherries stewed thick in sorgum, a roly-poly, and French pastry finished the eating.

The boys washed this all down with mugs of buttermilk, the jugs of which had been cooled all this time by wet grape leaves and huge plantains. The men had the drinks of the period, ending with a sip of French brandy.

"Master, the wild turkey was a treat," said Cornelius. "When your father came to the tract it was as common as the wild pigeons are now."

"'Tis true," said Pierre, "we had many more then on our tables than we have now-a-days. In a very short time it will be a bird of the past."

Sambo and Nimbo spent the afternoon fishing for pickerel, catfish, and sunnies.

The boys had Cornelius sit in the center of a circle and tell them his story. They wanted to play Indian.

"My young masters," said Cornelius, "your father can tell you that the best time to cut logs is when they are grown up. If we do it too soon they will not be strong. They will have too much blood. Then again, it is just as bad when they are too old, for then they are weak and often rotten. An oak should be considerably over fifty years old. It stops growing when it is getting near the century mark. But it lives to be very, very old. Your mother hopes that the old one down by the old furnace will stand for ages to come.

"As your business is so urgent on the tract, we are culling many to put on the market, although we have to take some that have not nearly reached their growing time.

"We cut two times in the year, the last month in the summer and the middle of the winter. We can tell sound trees by green leaves and the weakly trees by the pale leaves.

"You see around several small trees with the bark off. We did that three months ago. Next month we are going to cut them down. We will

give you boys a chance to pull the soft strips of wood off. For we only want the hard wood.

"We cut the trees with an axe as our fathers did before us. All the workmen are old in the service. We have had bad accidents, as in the case of one of the choppers of the upper tract slipping with the chain and breaking his back. But this is a rare thing for us. We have to begin to cut a few feet above the ground to make the cutting easier. Of course any man of the woods knows that the tree is hardest and has the most tar, pitch, and resin at the ground growth.

"We all get together and make up our minds which way it had better drop. On the side of that way we put up a little scaffolding. On this the men stand and chop. We wedge as we cut, with those wedges you see just back of you, and we all of us have sense enough to know the best time to get off the scaffolding. We help the tree to fall in the right direction by chaining or roping it.

"It saves us considerable to have men who are careful in cutting the trees into logs. The bound boys usually skin the bark off. Then the men rope or chain a number together. The oxen are hitched to the chains and then they pull them

down to the streams. We push them in and let the tides float them to our sawmills. The sawdust where you boys hid from Nimbo last spring was all that was left of those logs that lay the last few years up against the mill for seasoning—and what beautiful boards they made.

"I do not know why the overseers on the next tract would rather water season. The Quinno-vettes bury their wood to keep it. You remember you passed those high mounds on your way to Freehold last spring, Master James. We will always have to watersoak the wood to be sold to the ship builders.

"Now boys, have I played Indian long enough for you?" said Cornelius, slowly rising, for an afternoon quiet was something he had seldom experienced and the attention of his audience gave him great pleasure.

## CHAPTER XXXII

After a swim in the river they came back to camp with the feeling of hunger just as keen as at dinner. The fresh fish, freshly caught by Nimbo, and the sweet potatoes roasted in ashes were added to the plentiful left-overs of dinner, to which every one did full justice. After which, Cornelius Devere went home and Otell put aside his awe of Pierre. He walked up to him and said, "Master Nevarret, I wish to thank you very heartily for one of the hey-days of my life." To his wife that night he said, "Queer how a lad like Bob Newham takes hold of one. The master today was so human that I thought of the times of his father."

"Mister," said Bob, as they were starting on the way home, "did you notice the browns and tans of the dogwood? It looked to me like a rolling dark wave running up to the white shore-sand."

"Yes, Bob. When we reach home you boys go into the kitchen and notice the spindles and see for yourselves how very different the coloring of

dogwood is from the other woods that are native of the same tract. You will find a block of each kind of wood on this tract in the cabinet.

"Just listen to the braying of the donkeys! One of the Quinnovette brothers told me that their grandfather used to say that they always expected to see a wolf or brown bear somewhere near the clearing when the donkeys brayed after nightfall. You, boys, are to have one more pleasure trip before the school begins. I am going to let you take the cross-country trip with the teams when they go up to old Brunswick Landing next week," Pierre told them as they said good night.



## CHAPTER XXXIII

While the boys and Pierre were away that day, Cecile had been busy having the two boys' rooms cleaned and had added to the furnishings. From one of the guest chambers she had brought the framed Madonna Commandments and hung opposite James' bed. How little she knew at the time the great influence it would have upon his life.

In Bob's room she hung a silhouette picture of James' Aunt Eugenie at the age of eleven. In the hall below was a painting of Eugenie taken as a bride the year before. When she told Bob the next day who the shadow picture was he stood a long time before the picture in the hall and then said, "Dear Madam, I like the shadow picture best." The shadow picture became to Bob a lode star.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

The Monday of the next week was a very rainy day. Pierre stayed at the chateau and he and the boys spent the time in the cabinet room. Bob picked out the beetles, spiders, and the great black backs, that he had often seen in the woods. Both boys could tell the names of all the different bugs in a short time.

They wondered why there were so many different species of turtle. Pierre told them that the Indians at Cranberry had collected them for his father; that the turtle was the totem of the Indians of that section. If they would carefully examine the implements in the Indian cabinet, they would see the turtle cut in lines on those instruments of flint and stone. That Quinnovette family had parchment deeds with the totem of the turtle placed as the Indian "coat of arms."

Some of these deeds were signed by the great king, Himolin, in his own handwriting.

The useful bugs the boys found to be the ladybugs, dragonflies, and bees. That the icherimon flies were parasites. That the tussock moth had its parasite.

Pierre told them to note carefully the cabinet of harmful insects, as some were new to the Province, but that as civilization advanced and new vegetables and fruits were introduced new pests would follow. They had begun to find the potato bug or beetle, cabbage worm, plant lice, the codlin moth on the apple trees, leaf rollers on the grapes. He had never seen the last named until they brought the Spanish grape vines from over the sea.

The boys said the tent caterpillar made them feel creepy. Bob told about often seeing cockroaches around the kitchen tables of one of the families of the tract who had the reputation of not being careful about the house.

The boys became very much interested in the ants and their habits. Cecile said she hoped the time would come when there would be something invented to keep out flies and mosquitoes from the houses. "Oh! madam, I could stand them, but I want something to keep the bats out," said Bob. One day last week I was sitting on the sill of the

great barn door and had just taken off my hat when something dropped on my bare head. I just went cold all over. When I looked on the ground, there lay a bat. I had a hammer in my hand and I killed it. It had beady eyes like a mouse and little tiny teeth. Its wings were covered with lice. Maybe you think I am silly to be afraid of a bat, but when I was a little chap about five years old I saw on the wall a little bundle that looked to me like a ball of fuzz and I tried to pick it off. It was a bat and flew at me and scared me so badly I had a spasm."

Cecile told them when she first came to the tract she used to sit on the veranda in the evenings and enjoy the insect sounds. The crickets and Katy-dids always reminded her of the street violinists of the old parts of Paris. She wanted the boys to notice how much larger the June bugs and grasshoppers were in the cabinets than those they saw now on the tracts.

## CHAPTER XXXV

The gayest cabinet in the room was the bird cabinet. A bit of scenery was artfully painted back of each species to give an idea of its favorite place of shelter. The red-wing black-bird had a swamp background, crows a fine field of corn and the orchard invited the bluebird.

The great blue heron turned its stately head to the sea-shore. The egret seemed to be hiding itself in the deep green foliage. The black-crowned night heron was sheltered by marshy swamps with thick reeds that offered a good home for toads and frogs, the bird's favorite eating. The Florida gallinule, coot, sora, and king rail bird, less shelter but a good chance to be close to the water.

The knot, bob-white, and Wilson's snipe were happily content with bare sand and blue sky. The boys said the woodcocks looked just as much alive as the ones they had seen only a few days before.

The spotted and semipalmated sandpipers liked the shore background as much as the killdeers liked the upland near the orchard.

"Father, I saw a piping plover just inland opposite the island the other day," said Jim.

"The bill on this oyster catcher is certainly strong enough to crack a shell."

"Oh! Mother! the tail of the ruffed grouse looks just like that beautiful fan you bought in New York. It isn't any wonder that Sambo is so ready to hunt the hawk. Why just see how many kinds we have and they all like young chickens.

"Here's the sharp shinned, the red-tailed, and the sparrow-hawk, and they all have the turned bill. Why can't they talk like the parrot that Captain Melline brought from Adele Mora?

"Oh father, who caught the bald eagle?" asked James.

"Young Will Quinnovette's grandfather. He found the nests in a tall tree down near the point. He and another boy climbed the tree. He found only an empty nest. The other boy found a nest with two eggs in it. They were dull white and were two and three quarters of an inch long and two and a tenth of an inch wide.

"In a short time they saw the parent bird circ-

ling around, and Will's grandfather took aim very carefully and brought it down. You can see a dull color on the white back of its head where the ball entered. This being a full grown eagle is forty-three inches long and from wing tips twenty-eight inches wide. Its head, neck, and tail are pure white. The rest of the plumage is dark brown. Its bill and feet are yellow.

"The entire plumage of the young bird is dark brown, but mostly edged with white. Its tail is brown mottled with white. Its bill is black.

"This part of the province is really its home. They are not as plentiful as when I first came here with my father."

"Do you notice the topknots on the belted kingfisher's heads look as if they had never had time to stop fishing and dry their feathers," said Jim.

"But the yellow-billed cuckoo has her feathers nice and smooth," said Bob. "See this chimney swift! Well, I had a bad fright from one a couple of weeks ago; I was riding on that wooden horse in the nursery, when I heard a weird, whizzing, rustling sound. I began to think it the awful winged animal that Gingo, Sambo's grandfather, is always talking about—flying through the open windows and killing boys and girls. I was just

ready for it to grab me up and fly away with me out of the open window, when I happened to look toward the open fire-place and there I saw three poor, little, frightened chimney swifts."

"Aren't these ruby-throated humming-birds beautiful? In the lower end of the chateau flower garden there are lots of humming birds this summer, Madam."

"Yes, Bob, the gardens are full of them from the first part of May until the last of September."

"The new roses from France have brought them more plentifully this year. I want you to know, boys, that the humming-bird is the smallest of our birds. It is a southern bird and this is as far north as it comes. It is about the same size and has the same habit of flight as the humming-bird moth or sphinx, as he poises on his rapidly vibrating wings in front of some flower. I have often seen them rest on branches. And Minty said the other day she saw five on the veranda rails. They like tiny insects and the honey in flowers. All through the southern part of the tract the wild trumpet creeper grows and this plant is their best liked flower.

"The little mother bird hasn't the ruby color on its throat, but otherwise looks very much like



the father bird. Notice the beautiful green and crimson plumage. It bullds its nest of lichens and lines it with soft down. It is built on the upper side of a limb of a tree. It lays two white eggs, half an inch long and a little over a quarter of an inch across."

"Mother," said James, "it isn't hard for us boys to tell the names of these birds here, for we see so many in the orchards."

"Yes, boys," said Cecile. The wood pewee and king bird come to see us in April and do not go away South until the last of September."

"Dear Madam, you were wishing for something to be invented to catch flies. Why not get some live fly-catchers? You could have a choice. There are so many different kinds. Just look at them. The forked-tailed, scissor-tailed, great-crested, olive-sided, yellow-bellied, acadian, alder, and least-flycatcher."

"Why, Madam, I heard English Wats say that there were no larks in this country. This is marked a lark."

"Oh yes, Bob, we have the shore lark. It is called the horned lark. They come in large flocks in the winter along the coast. But they seldom roam inland. They like an old sandy field. They

look so much like the sand that it is hard to see them at a distance.

"They fly from the ground in flocks, but soon rest again. When they walk about you will see the feathers just back of the eye standing up straight. That is how they received their name.

"When they go far from the coast the people look for a very heavy fall of snow. For they have probably left a snowstorm along the shore and have been driven inland for food."

"If it is a clear sunrise tomorrow, go down early in the south meadow and you will see a meadow lark like this one here," said Pierre.

"Oh, here is a bluejay. I love to hear him give his mellow flute-like whistle! It is easy for him to hide himself, for he has all his bright blue on his back and he keeps to the treetops. We do not see so much of him except his rounded, white-tipped tail. But we can easily tell him in flight by his harsh call of 'Jay, Jay.' He is a naughty little bird for he sometimes robs other little birds' nests. He and the crow just love to tease a blinking owl when he is on his perch. A blue jay makes a fine pet," said Cecile.

"This next bird, the bobolink, nests farther south. Their color then is black and white.

When they fly over northward in May their music is wonderful. But when they fly back in the autumn they have changed to the somber reedbird plumage.

"If you boys will look in the weeping willows and button-woods along the lower lake, you will find several nests of this bird here. I mean the Baltimore oriole. Isn't his plumage of orange and black beautiful? He is like the orchard oriole, he likes to be around houses. Notice that his nest is long and looks like a pocket. He weaves it of string, horsehair, and shreds of bark and plant fiber.

"Sometimes there are four and sometimes six eggs. They are grayish white and have little running lines of brown and black. The eggs are not quite an inch long.

"Here is the purple grackle. He is the first bird to come back to us in February. He hunts up the tree where he made the last year's nest. They are very noisy and twist their bodies in many shapes. They are called the crow blackbird. They and the red-winged blackbird certainly like corn and about one half of their vegetable diet is corn. Grasshoppers and caterpillars are the favorite insect food."

"Oh, I know what the cross-bills like—the seeds in the pine cones," said James. "But you ought to see the goldfinch around the Scotch thistle. Mother, I have just counted the kinds of sparrows we have in the tract. Shall I name them for you?" said James. And without waiting for a reply, he named the fox sparrow, white-throated sparrow, and song sparrow. "Look! here is the sparrow, and song sparrow. Look! here is the junco and a towhee."

"I wonder why they put the indigo bird with the cardinal, rose-breasted grosbeak, and scarlet tanager? His color looks out of place," said Bob. "He would have looked pretty with the Carolina wren, white wren, and horn wren, or the house wren and brown thrasher."

"Do you know, Mister, I would much rather hear the catbird sing in May than in August," said Bob. "Wouldn't you think the redstarts would be afraid to gather their honey so near the bees and their bee-hives?"

Right beside the great northern shrike, the boys found the cedar waxwing, white-eyed vireo, red-eyed vireo, yellow warbler, prairie warbler, hooded warbler, myrtle warbler, yellow-breasted chat, and Maryland yellow-throat.

Bob told Pierre he had been looking all around for the oven bird and the water thrush. "Come over here, they are near the swallow collection," Pierre told him. There he saw the bank swallow, barn swallow, tree swallow, and purple martin.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

"Boys, I think we have had as much as we can remember today," said Cecile. "Go out to the well sweep and see what Sambo is doing to Minty's brother."

The well shed was at the west side of the house. A covered pathway led to it. The well was wide and deep. It was bricked with masonry two feet above the ground. A chain windlass drew the heavy oaken bucket. It was Sambo's task to wind the chain. He had drawn the bucket to the wall curb and put Minty's brother in it to get even with Minty for telling about his going to the fighting match.

Jim and Bob dared and doubledared him to let the bucket down until he couldn't resist any longer and he let it go, taking good care to hold firmly to the chain.

Minty's screams brought the household: and it also brought the bucket and the frightened child to the surface, for Sambo saw the master in the doorway.

That night two very meek boys went to bed directly after supper and Sambo took a thrashing.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

At breakfast the next morning Pierre told the boys that he had pointed out to them all the birds that came for the nesting season in the province but he wanted them sometime soon to look over the other bird cabinets, as nearly all specimens of birds could be found sometime during the year flying over the tract. Then he warned them not to dare the colored boys as they might do harm to the smaller boys. He told them it would only be a short time before they would have other means of getting the water from the wells.

A man in Burlington was inventing some kind of a hollow log with nozzle and handle with which to pump the water. But he feared somebody else would step in and beat him in the invention. He was so slow about it. He had heard there was some kind of a pump near Pump Swamp for watering cattle.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

The boys were up bright and early in the morning the Tuesday of the following week. All excitement, for Pierre had told them the night before that the long trip to Brunswick Landing was to start early the next morning.

A two days rain had cleared the dust from the Trail Road and made it easy traveling for the two wagons that were loaded with charcoal. The wagons were each drawn by three mules, Cossack fashion. The boys were in the wagon that led.

They left the chateau and traveled northward toward Hampton Furnace, which they reached about noon. They were met there by teams loaded with iron from below Quaker Bridge and loads of flour from Braddock's Mills. They traveled north-east from the furnace and when halfway between there and Squankum, they camped for the night.

The boys were told not to leave the wagons until the men had carefully fired the underbrush



in the camp clearing. They did this in order to avoid company of rattlesnakes. The snakes, not liking fire, would soon let the teamsters know where they were by their rattlers. The men having heard the rattlers and noting the restlessness of the mules, took this precaution without telling the boys. In a short time out came two full grown snakes, hissing and rattling, the smoke and heat proving too much for them. One of the men said they were scorched because they did not smell naturally but like burning flesh. The natural odor is very much like cucumbers after they have yellowed in the hot sun and decayed.

The men soon stunned and killed them. They gave the rattlers to the boys, who were very proud of their trophies. Sambo showed the usual fear of his race and kept his distance. He said his family believed that if they found a snake it boded them bad luck. And what with Minty telling tales and screaming out enough to burst the ear-drum every time she knew the master was around, just to get him a licking; he had all the bad luck he wanted.

"Too bad," said Scotch Walter, "that the first master is not here, for he would buy that wench at the Great Hall in Brunswick for you, Sambo.

We know why you thought so well of going by way of Millstone."

The men built a bark shelter and in the open place in front of it piled up logs for night fire. The dampness of the woods made this needful to keep away the chilliness, even in mid summer.

This was the first night that James had ever slept in the open. It was no new experience to Bob. It was long past midnight when James, awakening from his first deep sleep, saw in a tree just beyond the night fire something that looked like the balls of fire that ran down the gum trees when they were struck by lightning, when he was at the upper chateau last summer.

He put out his hands to awaken Bob. But Bob was awake and told him not to be frightened. He had been looking at that wildcat for some time. "It was his loud cry that awakened you, Jim," he said. "But what's worrying me, Jim, is the sound I have been hearing back of the mules. Oh! it just can't be a wolf, for we would see its eyes blaze just like the wildcat's. It's either a deer, who has struck the wind scent, or a red fox prowling around for the remains of our supper.

The boys listened awhile, and not hearing any more unusual sounds, turned over and went to

sleep. They never knew any thing more but dreams until they were called to get ready for breakfast.

They eagerly told their adventure at breakfast. The men told them they had been dreaming. But Scotch Walter said, "Maybe something in what the lads said." For he had noticed two of the dogs were missing.

Sambo and the boys went to the nearby stream with the water buckets and filled them to put out the fire. The men looked carefully around to see if any sparks had escaped them. A fire in the brush was more dreaded than wild animals.

Then they started on their journey. When they had gone about six miles they came across the missing dogs. The scattered fur and beautiful fox tail told the story.

The boys gave it to Sambo. Walter told him to be sure and give it to his City Lassie. They reached Squankum just in time for the noon dinner.

The tavern table was well crowded as there were teams in from near Blackwoodtown loaded with clam baskets for the New York markets and other teams from the Pettitt plantation loaded with early white potatoes and White Mountain

peaches. The last named something rare to be seen outside of the large cities.

On their way into Squankum and out of it they could hear in the woods near the wagon trails the sounds of the tinkling of cowbells. This was always a sign of being near a plantation or a hamlet. All the cattle ran at large and were gathered in at night by the sounds of the bells.

When they reached the more open trail they saw the great oyster and clam shell dumps that were burning for the nearby farmers to get their lime for fertilizing.

Sambo told them that near the sea-coast there was a large place where sea-coast fish and seaweed were prepared to be used as fertilizers.

They journeyed rapidly that afternoon, as they wished to reach Millstone before supper.

Sambo told them after they left Millstone to keep their eyes open for they would soon come to many Dutch plantations, and when they passed Queen's College they would only be a little over two miles from the landing.

"Right along here, boys, the Revolutionary Army encamped after the Battle of Monmouth. On the Fourth of July they were arranged on both sides of the river. They celebrated the second

anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. They fired thirteen pieces of cannon and a feu-de-joie of the whole line. The right wing of the army left before the left wing."

"We will let Sambo take you up to the Manor Hall where the great General Washington stayed during this time. Sambo knows the way better than we do," said Walter.

When they reached the Manor Hall they watched Sambo to see what he would do with the fox tail. He didn't disappoint them. A very comely wench became the owner.

James noticed the slaves lived on the first floor of the house instead of in the cabins as their slaves did.

Then they hastened on to Inian's Ferry. Many hands made light work and they were soon all unloaded and ready to start homeward.

They were to stay all night at the old tavern on Burnet Street. Here again, Walter told them of the commodore who rose from poverty to great riches and influence, and who had many a time passed up and down this street as they were doing with him now.

"I could wish for the mother's sake that your father would send you to Princeton or Queen's

College when you are older. But if ye came here ye would have to scratch the ground out on a plantation for food for your eating. The College keeps all their boys busy with their hands when not using their brains."

"The Quinnovettes have always sent their children back to Old England. But I hear there is some talk of sending young Will here in the province."

They told the tavern keeper that the red colored sand of the ground looked the color of the Indians' skins down at the settlement. It was so different in color from the white and yellow of the pine belt.

The next morning they started for home as soon as they had their breakfast. They went back by the shore trails. Pierre had told them to stop at Clam Town and bring home the fish that were to be smoked or salted for the winter use.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

They arrived at the chateau enclosure Saturday afternoon. Mammy Liza met them at the outer gates. She hurried them in the back way to the kitchen. The boys noticed that the house seemed alive with visitors. Mammy Liza was all excitement with the news that the Great Folks from Point Breeze had been visiting them since the Wednesday before. She had been so afraid the boys wouldn't get back to play with that sweet child, the Comtesse Primole.

Mammy Liza said they were to slip up the back stairs to their bedrooms. She had fixed the things for them to take a big swim in one of the wash tubs. For she certainly thought by their looks they needed a wash. Then she would hurry up and help them fasten up clothes, just as soon as she had turned the new sponge for the bread rising. This was an extra piece of work that was very unexpected. Lille's two bad, romping boys had upset the dough tray and the first sponge had run out on the kitchen floor. But she had one

satisfaction. They had paid for it. One of them hid in the trundle bed and the other under the cross-legged table. But when their mother found them she rubbed their faces and woolly heads in the sponge and then made them clean up the floor. She told them, as she had heard them say so many times that they would like to look like white folks, she was giving them a chance to see how they looked. And when it dried on she would see how they liked the soaking they were going to get as well as the promised flogging.

Mammy Liza said it had always been a wonder to her that they had not upset the great boiler that hung on the crane in the kitchen fireplace. Mammy Liza told Janer, as she started upstairs, to go out to see if the capons were roasted that were in the outdoor fire ovens. She was to take the long handled ladle and fill up with filling the pie pastry that was baking. They were just back of the chickens.

She meant this to be the crowning big feast of all, as the party started home the next morning. She'd show the big folks that she knew as much about good cooking as their French wenches.

Mammy Liza, being a great talker, when she hadn't an audience, talked to herself. When



asked once why she did it, she made apt reply she believed in the Great Gift of Tongues that each would receive on the great Day of Judgment and wanted to keep in practice."

Mammy Liza was a stately negress and wielded her power as cook in the kitchen. She had been James' nurse when he was a little boy and still claimed the right to straighten his clothes.

She found the boys wrestling with shirt frills, lace collars, and Eton jackets. Their tight-fitting knee breeches, white stockings, and buckled slippers they were able to manage.

When she had them dressed to her satisfaction, she sent them down the great staircase with a warning not to attempt to slide down the bannister, as she had seen some of the guests drinking tea or something else in the lower hallway.

## CHAPTER XL

After the first shyness of the stiff greeting childhood overcame royalty and Comtesse Primole and the boys, with Joseph, Lucien and four other children in the party, soon were having a noisy, enjoyable time.

The boys, of course, were full of the adventures through which they had gone, not the least of which was the rattlesnake story. Bob said he had noticed, that before they had started the next morning the turkey buzzards had scented the dead and were circling over them, ready to begin their morning meal as soon as the teams started.

James brought the rattlers and displayed them with great pride. Primole said she had often seen the garter snake and the wood-lizard when they were walking out near the Crosswick schoolhouse, that the Murats found them on the Roebuck plantation."

James said if they weren't skeery boys and girls he'd take them in the cabinet room and they would see how many kinds of snakes they knew without looking at the names.

Nobody wanted to own up that they were afraid, but if you'd looked closely at the girls you'd have thought that a chance mouse had just run under their chairs.

The girls seemed to lag behind, when Jim turning around called out to them, "Never mind about that cabinet; hurry up. We'll tell you about them later on. We want you to see the salamanders.

Lucien and Bob could name the blotched, spotted, four-toed, red-backed, sticky, dusty, red, long-tailed, and the two-lined salamanders. "Why that's all the kinds we have here," said Jim.

"How do you like this toad and that newt? Here's the Pickering tree toad, the cricket toad, and our old swamp toad.

"Father found this old Leopard frog down near Goshen. Of course, every one of you knows the common tree toad, bull frog, green frog, pickerel frog and wood frog.

"Primole, if there is any particular snake that you fancy in the cabinet, I am sure my father will give it to you," said Jim. "Here is the water snake, brown snake, and Blaney snake. Or perhaps you prefer the leather snake. They say the ladies are wearing leather belts now.

"Here is one that was found at one of the forges. Look what a deep brick-red its trunk and tail are. Any boy can tell a ring-necked and a black snake. I have always thought a ribbon snake was very beautiful. It is very mild and gentle. They frighten easily, but they won't hurt a boy when he picks them up. But you want to look out for the hog snake, because he makes believe he is dead when he isn't. Oh! but Mammy Liza is afraid of a chain snake or a house snake. But Janer says she is more afraid of a copperhead.

"Oh! let's go and look at the pine tree lizards, the hawk's-bill turtle, snappy turtle, mud turtle, and musk turtle."

"What a beauty that diamond back terrapin is," said Comtesse Primole.

"There are three more different kinds found on the tract," Bob told her. "I once had a Boz turtle for a pet. What do you think? It had red eyes."

Bob, looking around, saw Madam beckoning to them from the doorway, with Minty, finely dressed, standing behind her.

"James," said Cecile, "take the Comtesse Primole and place her at the head of the small table. You, children, are to eat in the great banqueting room. See that the Comtesse is well

taken care of. Minty will serve you from the banqueting table. Bob, Mr. Neille is here and I would like you to go to the south sitting-room and meet your guardian."

Bob met Mr. Neille in a manly way. This pleased the lawyer very much, so much so that he found an opportunity during the evening to say to Pierre: as he hadn't any boys of his own he would be only too glad to take the boy to Bridgetown whenever Pierre would say the word. "I see his new surroundings haven't spoilt him."

## CHAPTER XLI

By eight o'clock the guests were in the ball room, waiting to greet the large party of friends from the tavern at Taunton. Several French summer boarders were staying there to be near the Friends at Point Breeze and the Pine Tracts.

The gentlemen with their powdered cues and fancy hair ties, plum colored satin vests, embroidered black satin waitcoats, chamois colored knee breeches with fancy silk stockings and silver buckled slippers escorted the finely dressed ladies in their wonderfully ruffled swisses, dotted mulls, paper muslins, dimities, delaines, and challies. These ladies were given much space, because of the wide hoops and many starched petticoats, which hid all but the points of the dainty pink satin slippers.

The hair was done in the prevalling fashion of the two French twists, Fedora curl, and the little curl in the middle of the forehead.

When these much adorned ladies had added the long ear rings and the two beauty patches with their very really natural adornment of face and figure, it isn't any wonder that their gallants looked upon them adoringly.

To a quiet looker-on like Bob it was like a glimpse of the fairyland Madam had told them about.

## CHAPTER XLII

The famous violinists of the upper tract provided the music and called out the intricate figures.

The ball was opened by the Napoleon March, followed by the Minuet, Colonial style. The ladies carried dainty fans and the men carried their cocked hats.

The Minuet was a square dance. Each lady as she took her place in the forming quadrille gave her partner a very low curtsy and at the same time she elaborately spread her fan. Her partner returned the compliment by bowing so low that he would sweep the floor with his cocked hat.

The Minuet was one continuous movement of stateliness, elegance, and gracefulness. Its chastity and beauty were displayed by the rare dignity and modesty with which its execution was attended.

After dancing the twelve intricate figures, the gentlemen led their ladies back to the wall seats, leaving them with the same elaborate bowing.



The round dances that followed were the dreamy glide waltz to the music of Mendelssohn, then the Heel and Toe. The ladies sang with this the new song, *Do you see my New Shoe?* A Morris Dance, Virginia Reel, and a plain Waltz ended the evening's dancing. This was followed by a supper in the banqueting room.

Early Sunday morning the Taunton guests could be seen driving home by the late moonlight.

After a late breakfast at the chateau the guests from Point Breeze took their departure.

Cecile had promised Comtesse Primole that she would pay a visit to her parents during the autumn. She would bring James and Bob with her. The Comtesse wanted to show them one of the glorious sunsets of the Delaware Valley.

## CHAPTER XLIII

"Mother," said James, during the quiet of the Sunday afternoon at the chateau, as they were sitting on the front veranda, "Lucien said he was a Philadelphian and so was his father. He wanted to know what Bob and I were. I said I was a Jersey boy and Bob said he was a Piney and had never been twenty miles out of the Pine Belt in all his life."

Then Lucien laughed and made fun of him and Comtesse Primole called Lucien a smarty. She told him he didn't live twenty miles out of the Pines either, so he needn't laugh and think himself so wise."

"How is it that Lucien is an American and yet he is a Prince?"

"Boys," said Cecile, "when the Bonapartes attempted to get to America after the Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon failed and St. Helena was his doom. But Joseph Bonaparte, his brother, suc-

ceeded in getting across on the ship Commerce, which was supposed to be carrying Bordeaux wines. And he brought his immediate family with him, also his very dear friend and confidential secretary, Louis Maillard.

"The Swedish Captain, Messewey didn't know he was carrying the refugees. Their identity had been so carefully hidden.

Of course when they arrived at the port of New York they told who they were. Henry Clay, of whom you will learn of your schoolmaster, had just arrived also from Europe. He let the Bonapartes have the suite of rooms that he had engaged in the City Hotel, New York.

"The Bonapartes went from New York to Philadelphia and first lived in a house at the south east corner of eleventh and Market streets. It was there in February of that year that Lucien, whose entire name is Joseph Lucien Charles Napoleon, was born to Prince Charles and his wife, Zenaide. She was the eldest daughter of ex-King Joseph.

"Two years afterward in the Spring, ex-King Joseph acquired titles to a little over a thousand acres of land on the bank of the Crosswick Creek between its mouth and the village of Groveville.

Since he came to the province of New Jersey he has been called by the name of Count de Surveilliers.

"His wife, Marie Julie Clari, who is a sister to the Queen of Sweden, is very beautiful, but so delicate that she couldn't take the sea voyage. His oldest daughter, Zenaide, Lucien's mother, takes charge of the state entertainments.

"We shall see the new house! The first home was burned.

"Prince Charles and Zenaide live in the Lake House, which is connected with the Mansion by a tunnel. There is another tunnel on the opposite side of the Mansion that leads to the river. They use the tunnel as an easy way to get to the Mansion the pipes of wine, sacks of liquor, and the provisions that come from Philadelphia or are brought by canal from New York.

"We will take you sleighing next winter to Point Breeze and then you will see their winter pastimes.

"Prince Charles Lucien is very much interested in bird life. He is very intimate with Alexander Wilson who is a noted naturalist. Both of them are often seen exploring for the bird life of the Delaware Valley.

"The ex-king Joseph looks very much like his brother, the Great Napoleon.

"The gay Prince Murat, to whom I saw both of you boys took such a fancy, was born the same year that I was. His mother was Napoleon's sister, Caroline. His father rose from the lowly estate of a son of a tavern keeper. He was a waiter in a restaurant. This son of his was first a sub-deacon in the church until he became a favorite of Napoleon Bonaparte. Then he was made lieutenant of chasseurs and finally a lieutenant of cavalry.

When France became an empire, Joachim Murat became Marshal Prince, King of the Two Sicilies. He was Commander of the "Grande Armée" in its retreat from Russia. His death was brought about by court marshal and he was shot by Italians. He was caught in an attempt to stir the peasants to an insurrection.

"When Prince Murat, the son, nominally became of age he came to his Uncle Joseph in America. He bought the Roebuck Plantation near the Bonaparte Park and upon it he built an Italian villa. From this home he moved to one on the Chesterfield Road. He is now living in his new villa, which is named Murat Row. This is

at the edge of the park as well as in the heart of the village of Bordentown. He married Caroline Georgina Fraser, an American. Her father was Major Fraser of the British Army.

"I am afraid he is inclined to be very gay. Your father says it is growing on him."

## CHAPTER XLIV

"I see Liza is about to play the cymbals for supper, so boys, get yourselves ready. We are expecting to drive down to the shore directly after and start back by the moonlight. There isn't any sign of having rain, for the moon is at the quarter when the Indians say, 'You can take down the powder horn and go hunting.'

"James, tell Minty to bring me the Paisley shawl. It may be cold driving and my Broshey shawl is not heavy enough.

"Tomorrow we will drive down to Coxe Hall to visit some friends from Baltimore who are visiting there.

"Your father is going to Bank at Burlington and will not be back for a few days. The coin in the attic is getting low and he expects to replenish, for he hopes to start next week for the port of New York to pay the passage of several redemptioners who have come over to work at the furnaces. We expect some of their sons will

become apprentices at the new tanneries. So I have planned while he is away to start on my visit to Monmouth and I have decided to take you boys with me."

"Cecile," said Pierre as they were going home from the shore drive, "suppose we all start together tomorrow morning. We will drive to Upper Evesham and take the stage to Bridgetown and change there for Burlington.

Put off your visit to Coxe Hall until we get back and we will make two visits in one. I'll visit at Judge Ebenezer Tucker's while you are at Colonel Dan Coxe's. I saw him last week at Toad Town and he said, the Baltimore relatives were not going to leave until the middle of September.



## CHAPTER XLV

The boys were full of glee as they started next morning. They reached Upper Evesham in time for the afternoon stage. They ate supper at Bridgetown and then started for Burlington. The Trenton boat had gone. So they stayed all night at the town tavern. Pierre said they would wait until the afternoon boat the next day. That would give him an opportunity to show them some of the famous places in that old town along the Delaware. This was the ancient capital of West Jersey. But some time ago the capital was moved to Bridgetown. The land east of the island of the first named place was spoken of by the Indians as the first or most ancient land between the great salt waters and the fresh river.

Just as soon as they had breakfast they started to walk up to Old St. Mary's. On a white marble slab in that church-yard they read that there was laid the mortal remains of William Bradford, United States' first Attorney General. They passed out of the yard from the river gateway and walked along Green Bank.

"Here," said Cecile, "is where the ship Kent was first fastened," as she pointed out a giant tree, bending its limbs to the river as though it was looking at its shadow in the water.

"When your father points out to you the different mansions; I want you to note them carefully. It is always so very embarrassing to let drop the wrong door knocker.

"You cannot mistake this mansion. Here is Governor William Franklin's name. This is on his own stepping stone at the end of his own brick pathway.

"I see your father is going in at the Binneys. We will go up as far as the Smiths, Sterlings, Morrisises and Schylers. Oh! boys, we will have to turn back. I see your father is beckoning to us. Another time we will drive past Elias Boudonot's Mansion, which is some distance farther on.

"Madame Cecile," said Pierre, "we will turn back and go to the landing. Just a little way up that street are the Allison printing presses and the office where Ben Franklin made paper money during the times of the American Revolution. It is said he lived in that hipped-roofed house below the Scotch Church house.

"In the alley beyond I have just bought at the book store Smith's very new history of this province and Elias Boudinot's *Star of the West*. They will make good reading for you, boys, next winter."

Pierre took them to the boat and put them in the care of the captain. He just barely had time to make the Bridgetown stage which left from the landing.

Pierre spent Tuesday night with his lawyer friend. They drove over to Rancocas in the morning to visit the Woolmans. Pierre said their stern integrity always appealed to him.

## CHAPTER XLVI

When the master arrived at the tract at noon the following day, he found everything in readiness for a heavy haul to Inian's Ferry. They took the shore trails and made a stop at each furnace. By the time they arrived at Old Monmouth they had a long line on the trails of mule teams with the overseers on horse-back. The master led them. These men were so well trained in their own line of work that their master told his friends along the tract that their amazing knowledge of their own jobs seemed to leak through their pores.

"Friend Nevarret," said a Friend speaker in meeting from Burlington, "when thee comes to look straight at it, all this activity that our friends call business is but the human struggle itself to reach upward. I cannot fully explain to thee just what this may mean, but thee will see it is the lever that puts our fellowmen on the trails of success. They are the human beings who accomplish."

The master stopped for dinner with the Lorerie Quinovettes and found that Cecile and the boys had made a safe journey by railroad from Trenton to Brunswick and thence to Monmouth by stage-coach the next day.

They had stopped with the Philip French family in Brunswick all night. Captain Adam Hyler and Captain Marriner with their wives had made an evening visit. "Madam French had sent word to them that we were in town. They desired me to tender their most profound respects to you," said Cecile.

"Captain Hyler also said that he would be over at the tract when he came back from the voyage upon which he is to start tomorrow. He didn't expect you to practice every day with your secretary. But he expects you to play that rubber of chess without the extra practice with Jules, and he expects you to prepare yourself for him to be the winner," said Cecile with a smile, as they said adieu at the wicket gate.

Pierre caught up with the teams just in time to hear Cornelius say to Sambo, "Well, Sambo, we are going the short way by Millstone; we know you would rather go that way to Brunswick. Ride on ahead and you may get a chance to wave

at the damsel, before we catch up to you." Sambo grinned and then said, "that ain't the reason I asked them to go that way the last time. I wanted the young masters to see where the great General Frederick Frelinghuysen lived." Cornelius smilingly noted that Sambo had taken the hint and was soon leading the team.

Sambo didn't know what a diplomatic answer that was. Pierre slyly inquired among the colored boys and found out about what they were teasing the boy.

After he had seen that the materials were properly shipped, he took passage on the boat for New York. He met the ocean vessel and bought the time of several Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen who spoke the English language. And if they were not actually acquainted with the laws of the province they were with the spirit of them.

At the wharf were several land owners from Pleasant Mills and Almonesson in Old Gloucester, where there was a cotton factory that had twelve hundred spindles and sixty power looms.

These men were buying the time of the Redemptioners, who were skilled workers in the spindle mills.

He also saw land owners from Bridgeton, Deptford Township, Good Intent, Mullica Hill, and Swedesboro, all there for the same purpose.

Owing to the shortage of workers in the ship building villages of May's Landing, Clamtown, Lumberton, Shreve Mills Squan, Howell's Mills, at Retreat, Dennisville, and Bridgeton, a great rivalry existed and passage expenses for the redemptioners, laborers, and apprentices went up accordingly.

Scotch Walter singled out all his countrymen, among them a laddie by name of Tartar Mac Gilkennie from his own native home clan in the hills of sweet heather. Then he started the wagons homeward.

Pierre stopped at the Manor Hall at New Brunswick and bought the youthful wench, Niobe, and her fat dusky mother.

## CHAPTER XLVII

The teams were told to halt at Old Monmouth and wait for the master to join them. It was safer for all to travel home together on account of so many panthers having roamed from the Mohawk Valley.

The madam and the young masters were to join them at the Quinnovettes. The family carriage had been sent up from the upper chateau, where they expected to stop for a few days.

From the chateau, the new men and their families would be distributed where they were most needed.

"Cecile, I have bought Niobe as your special maid, and her mother to help Mammy Liza. She needs more help in the kitchen with so many more added to her table.

"They both have had good training. They came from the Manor House, Brunswick. Well, boys did you see where Mollie Pitcher did her good fighting? That battle ground had a good setting of swamps and ravines," said Pierre.



## CHAPTER XLVIII

"Mother," said James, the night before the September opening of school the next day at the Huguenot Settlement, "Bob and I have a big secret to tell you. Jules said to us, just after father told he was going to send us to school, that he would hate to have those youngsters down at that school house make fun of the young masters from the Great House. Bob asked him what he meant. And he said it was because we couldn't read or write. 'Well, Jules,' Bob said, 'if you were able to learn how I guess we can. Why don't you try us?'"

"I think Bob sort of dared and double dared him to do it. He sat and thought a good while and then he told us if we were able to keep it a secret while he was trying, for he wouldn't want to be made fun of if he didn't succeed, he would do it. For he had heard that some boys never could learn because they didn't pay any attention, even when they had plenty of brains. 'Of course

you know, boys, that's what I have heard. But if you do succeed, I'll make you a promise, although I feel pretty sure I will not have to do it.' 'Jules,' said Bob, 'let us know the worst, what is it?' For we boys just knew Jules was poking fun at us.

" 'Well, if you boys can go before the madam the Sunday night before school begins and read a story I pick out for you and write only three lines of it, I'll promise to go three days each week down to the Lower Creek and look after your traps and I'll throw in feeding your pigeons if you will learn to add and subtract. You know it will not look well to me to see you put on the first long form with the first year children. I hear that the teacher has little stools for the three year old ones.'

" 'Well, Jules, maybe we can tell you a secret,' Bob teasingly said. 'We boys have heard that a pretty, shy, little Quaker maiden from below Old Monmouth takes care of the three year old babies. And she keeps them in a corner near the teacher's desk.'

"Then Bob bet we could do all he asked. He said he didn't like betting with boys, but all the same he'd take that bet.

"Tonight he told us he would let you decide which won the bet. And tomorrow after school he'd meet us at the schoolhouse and see if we had been rightly informed about the Quaker maiden.

"When we have finished the stint he has set for us, we are to come into the office and let him know whether or not you say that he is to set the traps at the creek edge."

Cecile sat in pleased amazement when the boys had successfully finished the task set them by Jules.

Then she told them to go tell Jules that he had set himself a cold, severe winter's task and maybe he had better try to get that shy little maiden to make him some mittens.

"Then tell him to come to me, for I am very much obliged to him." When Cecile told Pierre, he said he had almost stumbled into the secrets several times but a sly wink from Jules' eyes had saved the day in each instance.

"But I know now, Cecile, that Jules comes from the Huguenot stock from which martyrs are made."

"I have thought for some time that Jules leads a rather lonely life," said Cecile.

"Well, there are plenty of his friends at Borden-

town," said Pierre. "Or he can easily take a sea-voyage to France."

"As he is here and likely to make the province his home wouldn't it be as well for him to have some of the society of those quaint girls of the Quaker Settlements? You must admit they are of good old English stock," Cecile answered him.

Unconsciously she had struck a sensitive point in Pierre's mind. He had in mind Prince Murat and the unhappiness he was causing the family at Bordentown. Yet why his marrying an American instead of a French cousin would make any difference Cecile couldn't see how any one could explain. And she had heard that the young lady's family felt that many of the things that he did were very unbecoming a prince.

Then to clinch her argument, she said she couldn't see that his marrying an American had anything to do with his spending seventy thousand dollars in making believe he was a farmer. And as for trying to raise cattle, horses, and dogs, he didn't know as much as a two year old child did about any of them, she had overheard one of the cattle overseers say only yesterday.

## CHAPTER XLIX

Jules very opportunely appeared and both Pierre and Cecile very cordially thanked him for his thoughtful assistance. Jules told them he had thought it over considerably and put himself in their places. He had purposely taunted them to spur them to study. They deserved credit. With so many pleasures it had sometimes taken considerable pluck for them to settle down to study. But they had never once failed him.

"Jules," said Cecile, "on your trips down at the village of the Lower Tract, have you ever heard any one tell of the story of the Young Quaker Maiden and her Red-Coated Soldier?"

"No," said Jules, "But I shall enjoy hearing the madam tell it."

"When the British army came back to Bridge-town from Haddonfield, one wing went by the way of Moorestown and the other by Evesham. They touched Upper Evesham at the Willow Crossing over the Haines' Stream, after which the march had very few turns before they joined the first wing.

"At Upper Evesham, one of the young officers was dispatched to the village for some needed assistance. The army had left him in their wake when he started to join them.

"A little, dainty, shy, gray-clad maiden was just crossing on the stepping stones of the Willow Landing, when she heard the soft splash of the horse's hoofs in the stream. On looking up, she saw directly beside her this gallant, red-coated officer. With a low sweep of his cocked hat, a smile on his lips, and a laugh in his eyes, before she scarcely knew what had happened, she was on the horse beside him. On the opposite side of the stream he put her on the ground. Then he said, "I am in a hurry now, but I'll be back here tomorrow."

"Knowest thou not that I am an American and a strict Quakeress?" she replied.

"Oh yes, I know that, but I know something that is far better than that about you. It is, that you are a very lovely young maiden. You may give this message to your young Quaker gallants for me. That we'll make the war that we wage here in this Quaker village a defensive rather than an aggressive siege of hearts. So good-bye, my little sweetheart of the Weeping Willows."

With these words he touched his horse and they went on at a gallop. He turned once and gave her a long wave of his hat.

"And that was the end?" said the interested Jules.

"Oh no, that was just the beginning of a very beautiful story. He came as he said he would the next day. And many other days followed and some few years afterward there was a wedding and the journey covered the ocean."

With this last remark, Madam Cecile left the room. In the doorway she paused and addressed Jules. "Jules, have you decided to ask the teacher to knit you the mittens? Why not ask for a pair of pulse warmers also?"

## CHAPTER L

The summer term of school was at the second half when the boys started, the first day of September. The entire household was up very early. Mammy Liza and Minty filled a huge Indian hamper with good things for two lunches and a dinner, with something especially for the three o'clock recess.

The school house was nearly ten miles away. All the settlement trails led to it. It was set in a good clearing, surrounded by the pine trees, "Watch Towers of the forests."

It had been built for the accommodation of the entire settlement and stood in the Center of Nowhere. It was like the hub to the spokes of a wheel.

A flat, discarded millstone made a step to the entrance of the porch shed, which was enclosed from the weather. In this were hung the outer garments and large dinner pails. The wooden pegs upon which they hung were turned at the chair factory at the Prickitt Settlement of Chair-



ville, which was situated on the stream and below the graveyard of the first settlers.

Passing through the main entrance, one saw in the center of the one large room that comprised the entire house, a large, circular, air-tight stove, with a main stove-pipe and a side elbow that reached to the north side of the room and connected with the chimney. This was supported by wires suspended from the ceiling.

It was an octagonal building. A wide bench ran all around the outer walls. This was used for the classes.

On a raised platform stood the master's desk. Back of which was his own blackboard and scant store of books, of which he made good use. A good sized globe, quill pens, mulberry ink and slate pencils, these and a well balanced mind with a good education (his only inheritance from his Huguenot mother and Quaker father) completed his equipment.

Forms and backless benches ran the width of the room with aisles at each side for passing. These forms graded to the size and the age of the children. The front forms were occupied by the younger classes. The back row was the form that studied Differential Calculus, Logarithms, and

Surveying. Occasionally there was a minister in the row, unconscious yet of his own destiny. And many an Abraham Lincoln in embryo.

The middle rows were occupied by the girls who kept their hands busy with hemming towels and working samplers while they studied the Psalms, Multiplication Tables, Spelling, and Geography.

The School opened at eight in the morning. The nooning at twelve lasted a half hour. The children brought their dinners.

The day's session was over at four thirty in the afternoons. Most of the children walked anywhere from three to five miles, with sometimes a lift on the trails from the empty teams wending homeward.

They didn't seem very much worse for that exercise out in the open. The hearty breakfasts had time for digestion and when they began the day's study the brains were able to fill to their greatest capacity.

A five minute recess in the morning and the same in the afternoon gave them plenty of time for Anthony Over, Prisoner's Base, Hop Scotch for the boys, with Ring Around Roses, Rolling the Hoop, and Jack Straws for the girls. These games were interspersed by generous lunches.

At the noon hour, the big boys filled a big wooden bucket with water from the ice-cold stream and passed the water around the room. They served the children from big hollow gourds. When it was warm the water was passed once each session.

The master soon found a place for the boys, after his quiet talk with Pierre and Jules. Jules had wisely consulted him in reference to the school work during the entire summer. Much to the joy of the boys, they were placed just ahead of the big girls.

Pierre and Jules, after telling the boys that the wagon would be after them at close of school, waved them an adieu from the cariole and started back home.

## CHAPTER LI

Those two big men left two pretty lonesome boys in a school full of strangers.

Phoebe Bowne, the master's niece and assistant, knew just how those two boys felt. She gently drew them around the children who were telling fairy stories.

Kathleen Devere had sobbed herself to sleep in Phoebe's lap. The first day was long to the boys, but to poor little, delicate Kathleen, it was endless. Sleep mercifully ended her misery. She was taken home by Jules and she was still sleeping when Jeanette took her from him.

When Bob noticed that Jules looked down the trail on leaving the Devere's, he softly said, "Needn't look that way. The schoolmaster's house is on the side trail leading to the settlement. The master never lets Phoebe Bowne go home by herself because she is afraid of rattlesnakes.

Everybody around knows that the North trail is full of them."

"She told us that she would tell us sometime about a brown bear that her grandfather Bowne, who was a speaker in meeting, killed in the Bear Swamp, the time he was lost in the woods when he was going over to Barnegat for a called meeting.

By the time they reached home Jules had heard most of their next day's lessons.

As they passed in at the door of the chateau, Jim put his hand on Jules' arm and said in a very subdued voice, "Bob and I think Phoebe Bowne is just as nice as any of those ladies from Point Breeze." Jules knowing how much James admired these ladies, felt that Phoebe Bowne had received a boy's honest homage and a delicate compliment.

When the cymbals sounded for supper everybody appeared in the dining room but Bob.

"Where is Bob, James?" asked his mother.

"I do not know," he replied.

"I saw him a few minutes ago going into the chapel, Madam," said Jules.

"Serve the food, Minty," said Cecile. And with this remark she excused herself and left the room.

She quietly entered the chapel where she found Bob so intently looking at a copy of one of the ancient Madonnas that he did not hear her until she addressed him.

"What is it Bob?"

"Sometimes we can't just tell what it is, dear Madam, but I wanted to make sure to myself that Phoebe Bowne, when she held Kathleen Devere asleep in her arms, looked as much like this beautiful picture now as she did when I looked at her this morning."

"And does she?" she asked.

"Yes, she looks more like the picture than she did this morning. Dear Madam, what is the reason?" Bob questioned.

"Bob, you caught a rare inner glimpse of the soul of Phoebe Bowne that became an outward expression of the great mother love each true woman symbolizes," Cecile told him.

"That's why I have thought of mother so much today," said Bob.

"Well, Bob, we will both go in for the supper we both need," Cecile softly said.

"I want both boys to go to bed early tonight, Jules," she said, as they went to study their lessons in the next room.

To Pierre she said, "We must be careful not to overdo at the beginning. They have had just as much excitement as they can stand in one day."

That night Phoebe Bowne was added to the list of three women to whom Bob silently did homage: his dead mother, the dear Madam and the shadow picture of Eugenie.

## CHAPTER LII

By the end of the first half-holiday they were given the Saturday of the second week, the boys felt that they had settled down to like school and their playmates.

They both were anxious to catch up to the big girls and earnestly applied themselves. Jules helped them in many ways and thereby earned a lasting respect from the schoolmaster.

Little Kathleen found that after all school wasn't so bad and after she had made friends with the other little girls things went along smoothly.

Kathleen was a very beautiful little girl. She had dark, speaking eyes, clear complexion, and long, curling, black hair. She was a type not usually seen among the children of the tract.

Very soon the two boys became very fond of her. As she had always been the household pet, she took all their help in her lessons as a matter of course.



## CHAPTER LIII

The last Saturday in September was the second Saturday half-holiday and the visit was paid to the friends at Coxe Hall, while Pierre went on his trip to the judge's.

On another Saturday half-holiday they went to one of the salt Works. Pierre pointed out to them how easily salt was obtained by evaporation of the sea water.

## CHAPTER LIV

During that autumn they had word from France that the young bride Eugenie, was a widow. With her young baby boy, little Pierre, she expected to start for the province on the next steamer, to make them a visit.

Pierre started to the port of New York to meet them. They came back to the tract by way of stagecoach and steamcar to Trenton, thence by boat to Burlington. They were met by Cecile and the boys at Bridgetown. Pierre said while they were there they would look around at the places where some people of note had once lived.

They walked up past the Quaker Meeting House to look at the odd looking house where Stephen Girard had lived with his very beautiful Bridgetown bride.

In one of the small streets they passed through they were told William Fourth, King of England, had lived.

Through many of the streets they saw signs of

the French element. Pierre told them that many of the French people had left Philadelphia at the time of the great yellow fever plague. Many others had come from San Domingo when the great uprisings occurred.

Just a short distance from the Main Street he pointed out the home where John Brainerd, the missionary to the Indians of Cranberry, had lived. He said the Quinnovettes, who first came to the province, had a great admiration for him.

When they came to Mr. Nellie's home he insisted that they spend the night with his family instead of at the Hotel.

Mrs. Nellie found Bob just as pleasant as her husband had pictured him. Every one was charmed with baby Pierre and sorry to have him leave for the tract the next day.

When Mammy Liza saw the baby she rocked to and fro and said she was living Mistress Cecile's young married life over again. The blessed child was a Nevarret all over and she couldn't tell which one of them he looked the most alike.

She asked Eugenie if she felt sure the French nurse she brought with her knew just how to handle the Honey. "She never felt just like trusting them."

## CHAPTER LV

When the boys arrived home from school, the first Saturday half-holiday in October, Cecile told them that everything was ready for the promised visit to Point Breeze. So they were to hasten with dinner, as Mammy Liza had everything for them to prepare properly, to meet Royalty, as she expressed it.

They would take Mammy Liza with them to look after the boys' clothing. She warned them that a very warm bath was now being prepared for them, as Mammy Liza had such a fear of their being contaminated with associating with "poor white trash." But neither of them must get in an argument with Mammy Liza about it, for she would turn Saturday into Sunday before she finished her argument.

They were to pass quietly by the sitting-room door as the two Maltese kittens had arrived—the ones that Eugenie had ordered from New York. The kittens were very timid and easily frightened.

Also the wonderful pebbles that the men had found in digging in the marl pits had been sent to the chateau. A number of new glass cases would have to be purchased for them.

## CHAPTER LVI

"Madame Cecile," said Pierre, "a messenger arrived at the tract about a half hour ago to say that Napoleon the Third had arrived at Point Breeze from New York, where he is staying now in exile. Ex-King Joseph is also back here from his unhappy trip to Europe. He says in his note he is glad of the kindly shelter of Point Breeze.

"The messenger also told me personally the unhappy news that Prince Murat and a lot of his cronies are roaming the belt. They are out to commit most any kind of debauchery. He didn't know which trail they took.

"If we see them in time we will carefully cut a cross trail and avoid the unpleasantries."

By three in the afternoon the party were started and owing to the need of preparing for fancy balls and gay entertainments, many beautiful pieces of state finery left the chateau with them.

Pierre and Cecile led the party, Sambo and the coachman driving them in state. They were followed by Eugenie, little Pierre, and the boys,

with the cariole bringing up the rear. This vehicle held the trunks and the vacant crevices were filled in by the French nurse, Mammy Liza, and Niobe.

They had expected to see Jules appear, but instead he handed Pierre a note which he asked him to kindly deliver to his host.

Upon inquiry by Cecile, he told her that possibly the boys might like him to watch the north trail while they were away. He should be very sorry to have any thing happen to the school master.

"Well Jules, I trust Phoebe Bowne will properly learn the declensions, 'tu es amour' and 'Je joie coeur.'" Cecile laughingly called to him, as they drove from the chateau. Pray what gift shall we get her when we go up to Trenton?"

"Faites-moi voir des gants. Just your own size and your own choice." Jules said in a whisper.

The company started on the north-west trail. It was much nearer, but they hadn't gone over four miles when they heard the neighing of horses in the trail ahead of them. Pierre immediately turned into the cross trail. Soon he struck the shore trail. They rode up this trail until they struck another cross trail. Then they went back to the trail they were upon first.

Jules told them, when they came back home, that the hostlers at Taunton said the party of Murat's cronies had tossed coins and gambled with them the whole afternoon. They had seen more than one gold half-eagle tossed into the tavern barroom by Prince Murat, just for his own sport, during the afternoon.

Then men around the lower clearings were warned that the same party soon expected to go deer hunting. "So watch out for our parks and preserves."

When they left Taunton, they took several bottles of champagne with them. Some of the woodsmen said they made punch in the heart of the belt, and as they lacked a proper receptacle in which to mix it, they had used the buckets that were originally intended for watering the horses. His was a clear case of only three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves without the usual decency that usually goes with the working people in any country.



## CHAPTER LVII

The party journeyed onward without further mishap. They turned at the Hopkinson's residence on the main street of the village of Bordentown and soon entered Bonaparte's Park. They did not stop at the residence of King Joseph, but took the right circular drive to the Lake House.

The boys were delighted with the beautiful statuary rustic seats, and cots, the rain shelters and bridges they saw all through the park.

Comtesse Primole took them through the tunnel of the Lake House to the mansion of her grandfather, and from there to the observatory at the high bluff along the river bank.

Long and earnestly the children looked at the rainbow tints of the glowing sunset along Primole's river, whose sunset glows she never forgot when the ocean and long years of sorrow divided her from them.

The call of her native land and the land of her

father's long adoption, many times swept over her with such force that she felt she could give up all the glories of royalty just for one glimpse of a sunset again at Point Breeze. The sunsets of Venice couldn't rival them in her fond memory.

## CHAPTER LVIII

The ball of the evening was at the ex-king's. Princess Zenaide was next to her father in the receiving line. Pierre, Napoleon III, and Prince Lucien stood at the King's right. Cecile and Eugenie stood at the left of Zenaide, as a special courtesy to Zenaide's guests. And on through royalty and invited guests stood the waiting receivers.

The ball that followed was as magnificent (on a smaller scale) as it may have been when the ex-king, Joseph, was upon the throne of Madrid.

The entire park was flooded with light. The guests during the intermissions could wander at ease through the park, with its twelve miles of drives, amid which could be seen statuary of tinted marble.

He had made this park like the Escorial Grounds. But who can say that a deep vein of sorrow for all the past splendors, of which this was only a beautiful picture, wasn't always

present to this generous monarch who had lost with the Greatest of Losers.

Yet who can blame him for refusing the third crown, that of Mexico, when the wearing of the other two crowns had been fraught with such great disaster.

Sunday to Bob and Jim was like a scene in Fairyland. After the early morning service the children wandered around the lake, were driven across the causeway on the Trenton Road.

This made a beautiful drive over a very expensive arch. Then they drove around the lake in an open carriage. Wherever they glanced they saw exquisite objects. Just beyond the grounds they could see the Delaware with the boats that went up and down on its generous tides.

In the afternoon they took a ride on the lake (which was a half a mile long), with King Joseph, their father, and several others. They could put out their hands and feed the tame swans that loved to lodge on the little islands left in the lake. King Joseph loved to have several boats full of jolly, laughing, or singing guests to follow his own boat.

Many quiet, unassuming guests from the village and farm hamlets around Point Breeze enjoyed

the generous treats of these pleasures provided by a kindly exile.

The evening was spent in the art gallery and library. There was scarcely a sculptor not represented. The old and the modern painters found here a true setting. These rooms as well as the wide hall had wonderful gold hangings. The great tapestries were finished in silver fringes.

Bob and Jim when they went to bed wondered how Mammy Liza, Niobe, Sambo, Nimbo, and their grandfather Gingo would look in the same liveries as the servants at Point Breeze did, especially the ones who stood by the great carved, queer folding door at the entrance. They stood so still that they looked a little like the carving.

During the week that followed, Pierre and the other men guests held frequent business meetings or played the old fashioned billiards, while the ladies drove and made calls on their friends in the vicinity.

The trip to Trenton found Cecile choosing carefully the beautiful gloves that Jules told her about, to which Eugenie added an embroidered collar, and Zenaide filigree armlets.

Lucien and some of his friends took the children with them on trips through the Crosswick Mea-

dows, the woods, and the Roebuck Plantation, and along the streams in search of birds. All along the Lake House and the streams there were bird houses and other shelters.

Both boys had many things they could tell Lucien about the birds on their own tract.

## CHAPTER LIX

They started home the following Saturday. Cecile asked to go cross country by way of New Mills. She wanted to point out to the boys the famous drilling grounds and Colonel Reynolds' headquarters during the Revolution.

At New Mills, she stopped for a call on Madam Budd, to get her receipt for the delicious Dutch cheese she had on the table at their last visit.

"Why, my dear Madam Nevarret, I shall be only too glad to let you have it. I borrowed it myself from my quaint, little Dutch neighbor, Friend Van Deusen, who has just recently moved here from Brunswick.

"We scald sour milk and after letting it stand until it thickens, we rinse it through with cold water four times, then make it in balls and cover it over with thin muslin. We put it in covered crocks and bury it for seasoning. By the Thanksgiving holidays it makes delicious eating.

"I heard one of the gentlemen who was over

at your tract last week say that he noticed you were making those wonderful press cheeses for which all the chateaux on the tract are noted," said Madam Budd.

"Yes, Nettice Otell has charge of them. We have just sent an order for new circular boxes and double pressers. We make all the cheeses from skim milk that is sweet.

"I have often gone from the cheese-pressing room to the spring house to watch the bound girls churn butter. I do hope some day there will be something invented to prevent them from standing with their bare feet in water. We keep the brick flooring covered for coolness," said Cecile.

"I hear you use the stone churns and pounders as much as the barrel churn and dashers," Madam Budd observed.

"My husband says he hopes to have the new ice houses finished before cold weather starts in," said Cecile, as she waved an adieu to her friend.

As they passed by the small farms back of Vincentown, they noted the men were digging caves for the storage of potatoes, apples, des choux, and des betteraves.

They stopped at the upper chateau for the night.



After the late supper they lingered on the veranda that faced the sea. The wonderful glory of the sunset gave a silver glow to the sea and the hush of the twilight stole over unnoticed and lingered but a short time.

Sable darkness and night came like a swift shadow. When they looked at the sea as far as the eye could reach far out it seemed like an ash strewn floor as in the great dome above flashed a star strewn heaven.

The fury of the waves as they lashed the shore with the moaning of the wind in the pines Eugenie said, seemed to her like the moaning of the departed souls whose bodies lay in their last resting place on the bed of the ocean.

The silence was broken by the beating of horses' hoofs on the sand and from the shore trail Jules appeared with a kindly welcome.

## CHAPTER LX

Long after the family had retired, Jules and Pierre sat and talked over many a grave situation.

The next day the men drove to Tinton Falls to look over some of the ironworks. The rest of the family spent a quiet day at the chateau. Their meals were served on the open veranda; as the beautiful weather was so balmy.

Early Monday morning they started for the lower chateau. They took the trail to the Huguenot Settlement and arrived at the school in time for the afternoon session. Saddle horses were left for the boys to ride home.

"Say boys," said Joe Cornette, one of the big boys, "You ask Master Jules if he doesn't want to bring you and Sambo and Nimbo over to the Otell Clearing tomorrow night. We want to go coon hunting. I never saw a colored boy yet who couldn't land the coon."

When the boys told Jules he was ready to go. But Sambo and Nimbo said they knew that Mammy Charlotte wouldn't let them.

"If we could only get down to Grand Daddy Gingo's he wouldn't say anything if we brought

the coon to his cabin. He had often said that his grandfather ate them raw and the heads as a delicacy. Just as all of us boys like the tails and heads of the mackerel."

"Boys," said Bob in a whisper; "got any new spook stories? If you have, start just after supper tomorrow night. We'll make an excuse for Mammy Liza to send your mother over to her cabin early. We'll be on the outside and if you fall with your spook story we'll help you out."

Jim told Jules, and Jules immediately said he didn't want to be left out. He had a good one. Maybe he had better start the stories and they could save their story for another time.

Mammy Liza fell into the snare they had laid for her. When Mammy Charlotte entered her dark cabin she beheld, stretched out on the floor, what appeared to her to be a ghost. As it slowly arose and stretched out its wings, it gave a horrible shriek— Nobody knows what happened directly afterward because Mammy Charlotte never was able to give strict details.

She fled and she proved she wasn't Lot's wife. For all the mammies on the tract went just the same down to the salt works, churning day, which they certainly wouldn't have done if they could

have hacked off a piece from a pillar of salt that was real handy.

The end of her journey was the last cabin on the quarters, which happened to be the Great Colored Exhorter's, who had been known to fall into seven sworn spasms of great exaltation. As a consequence, he was always invited for the "extras" at the General May Meetings of the colored persuasion.

By the time Mammy Charlotte had given an account of the terrible encounter, between her long walls and ceaseless moanings she had drawn a congregation that filled the big cabin to overflowing.

After the coons had been treed and the dogs had successfully done their part, Sambo and Nimbo each had a coon for their share. They passed the upper cabin on the way to their grandfather's a little past midnight. Nobody even noticed them, so fervent were the three concentric circles of worshipers chanting the African Croonings.

The great pine knot fires they had built earlier in the evening added to the weirdness of their wallings.

## CHAPTER LXI

When the tale came to Phoebe Bowne's attention, she looked so hurt about it that Jules told her he would pay it up to them. But how he didn't tell her until after he did it.

Said Phoebe Bowne, "I have very much wondered, Friend Jules Devouri, how thee thought of that means of helping the colored boys to go?"

"Mademoiselle Bowne," said Jules, "the thought was suggested to me by a funny story I heard up at Tinton Falls the other day. It was told by a young lad who has lately come across.

"The party about whom it was told was a young fop who was much given to getting over intoxicated. He was found one fine evening in his cups dead asleep almost in front of an undertaker's establishment. The young wags of the hamlet borrowed, with the consent of the owners, one of the receptacles used in his business. Then they carefully removed it and the fop lying in it to a nearby ground, where he happily slept until late the next morning, oblivious of surroundings.

"The wags were stationed at various places of vantage to see the effect of the lesson, when the fop awakened. They said he slowly arose, carefully looked about him noted his surroundings and with the expression, 'Is this the Day of Judgment?' left the yard.

"The lesson was severe but it had a good effect on him."

## CHAPTER LXII

Jules had taken into his confidence Phoebe Bowne and the immediate family of the chateau. They had all agreed that the story had better stop with them.

At the next meeting of the colored people of the tract, the announcement was made that a three days meeting would be held the following week. This was owing to "Sister Charlotte's wonderful Vision."

When Jules heard this he knew they were sincere in their worship. So he watched his chance to see the exhorter. He told him that he would be there and would carry around the collection hat at the last meeting, which was always a meeting of triumph.

Jules knew there would be many a white settler at that meeting. He felt assured that he wouldn't let anyone put in less than a shilling at that meeting.

The evening of that meeting brought the school-master's family and Phoebe Bowne. The

family of the chateau joined them. Phoebe Bowne in her quaint Quaker bonnet quietly smiled to herself when the exhorter stopped in the midst of a thrilling exhortation and announced that Master Jules Devouri had kindly offered to pass the collection hat. He hoped that each one would prepare for his visit.

Jules carefully passed the hat. He allowed no one to escape his notice. Even the humblest received an opportunity to contribute and where Jules knew that a shilling was impossible, he gave it. The shillings that were left in the coin bag with which he had provided himself before leaving the chateau, he left in the bag, and not being an Ananias he gave them to the Exhorter.

During the remaining lifetime of the great exhorter, that collection was held up as an example of what could be done if only the proper spirit was back of it.

When Jules dropped back on the bench beside Phoebe Bowne, she very demurely told him that he had almost earned his forgiveness.

"Phoebe Bowne, with your thee and thou you are to me even more beautiful than the loved Rachel was to Jacob, but you must remember I am not of his people. I have served for that



offence. All your life long, if you will it, you'll have many and many an opportunity to mete out and exact penance of me."

These trite remarks spoken in a whisper at a great colored camp meeting and a visit Paschal week the following spring to the home of Phoebe Bowne's parents at Freehold was the only proposal that Jules Devouri ever made. But a few years after, a quaintly dressed Madam Devouri had all the great salons of Paris amazed with her wonderful rendering of Chaucer's Old English ballads in Latin, French, and Spanish.

## CHAPTER LXIII

Many of the early, more enlightened Africans followed the footsteps of the practical, level-minded "Friends" and met them in humble humility in spiritual worship at their quiet meetings.

One of the more intelligent colored youths became a great cancer doctor, to whom the people the world over came for succor.

He always dated the impulse that "Called" him to this life work to a great "Moving of the Spirit" on his way from Edgepellick to Upper Evesham.

He was trudging along bare footed in the trail, when his footsteps were suddenly halted by a voice from the heavens, saying "James, it is given to thee to become a St. Luke to this people."

In humbleness he answered, "Lord, thou knowest I am not fitted."

Then came a quiet voice spoke in a gentle rebuke. "Argue not with thy Maker. The herbs of the forest and fields lie at thy feet."

We will leave this right here, for these are the things with which the Great Book warns us we are not to tamper.

## CHAPTER LXIV

Otell and his wife, Nettice, were childless. Their four children had died the winter that dread disease of the "Black Tongue" had carried off so many of the inhabitants of the entire tract.

After seeing one of the deer hunting parties of Murat's pass the clearing, she lamented to Otell the gay company that the Quinnovette boys and several young French gentlemen were following.

"Dear Nettice," said Otell, "the young English nabobs, the more staid gentry, and the great middle class gentry of this province will soon readjust themselves, or their families will for them, and all this gaiety will only be an episode in their lives, an almost forgotten story of the past in a generation.

"But if we could only come back from the shadow land of Spirits a hundred years from now, we would see the awful devastation that had resulted to the helpless poor of this tract whose forebears had a passing glimpse of great royal depravity before they had had an opportunity to

recover from the awful influx of the deserters and then of the flotsam and flow of the ancient armies of Europe which our beloved 'Pines' had gathered to her heart and given an asylum 'Like the hen that had gathered her chickens under her wings at Jerusalem.' And with all this, add the mauraunders and pine robbers of the American Revolution, the descendants of whom might even have had a chance if they could have had a fifty year respite. May the 'Blessed' Salnts' preserve them if 'who is my neighbor?' is forgotten."

## CHAPTER LXV

Thanksgiving Day, the boys had a holiday, as this day was always observed on the tract.

The next day the boys went to school on horse-back. When they reached the Forks, about a mile from the school house, they saw along the trail Kathleen Devere crying. James dismounted and asked her what was the matter?

After a fresh fit of weeping, she told him that Thomas Billieu had pulled her curls and then hit her and told her she needn't think she was any better than Anette because Bob Newham and James Nevarret took her home when Master Jules came after them. Bob put her on the horse with him and James caught up to Thomas.

When the schoolmaster opened the school, he glanced down the room and beheld Thomas Billieu with one eye closed and the other one very much the worse for wear. He quickly inquired the reason. But before Thomas had a properly invented answer the kindly School Master had let his eyes suddenly rest on the demure, innocent

face of James Nevarret. Then, just as suddenly, his wandering gaze took in the back row. This row gave him the expressive grin that was the key to the situation.

With what seemed to that back row a responsive glance, the wise teacher held his own counsel and prevented Thomas Billieu (a second time) from breaking one of the ten commandments.

Instead he said, "the Surveying Class will take the reciting benches."

One of the boys handed the teacher a slip of paper as he passed to the bench, upon which was written, "If James Nevarret had a good chance he'd make a very good boxer."

At noon the master said to him in reply to the note that James Nevarret would always be the kind to hold the bag while Thomas put the feathers in.

## CHAPTER LXVI

Thomas, not being able himself to chagrin James, put his sister Annette up to tantalize Kathleen the next Monday nooning. Then the boys witnessed another little weeping maiden. James told her to never mind but wait after school and she could tell them all about the trouble.

So on the way home she told them that Annette said she wasn't near as pretty as she thought she was. Then Annette took her two fore fingers and rubbed them back and forth just like striking flint and hissed at her. And when she stopped she added the last insult by saying she was a big cry baby anyhow.

"Well, never mind, Kathleen, you tell her that you haven't a wart on the end of your nose and freckles as big as copper-heads. Still she can't help that. Thomas has put her up to plague you.

"You see, Kathleen, I cannot whip her because father says that a gentleman will never strike a girl.

"But you know Clorette, whose father is the

'Big Dog of the Tan yard.' You ask her if you can't walk to school with her. Then you let Anette pick a fuss with you. She won't pick but one."

They passed Clorette about a mile from her home and Jules realizing, that the occasion was fitting, took her up and Kathleen innocently asked her if she would wait for her the next morning?

Clorette, being greatly flattered, was very willing. When they started to school the next morning Anette didn't seem to be in any great hurry to overtake them. A flag of truce seemed to be established. But alas! it was only a seem-to-be, for a week after Thomas met Kathleen along the trail and took her dainty dinner basket and turned it around and around and around his arm faster and faster and faster to the shrill screams of Kathleen, then threw it far from him and told Anette to gather up the dinner and put it back in the basket dirt and all. And with the parting threat of "You dare to tell James Nevarret and I'll lick you," he went on.

In this sorrowful plight, Clorette presently found her. "Well never mind, Kathleen, we are too near the school house now, but you wait until we go home tonight."



## CHAPTER LXVII

Anyone along the trail that evening would have seen two little French viragoes in a pitched battle of tongues in which Clorette always went Annette one better.

In the finale could be heard Clorette's waspish stings.

"The back of your father's hands looks as if he had black boils and the holes had gone through to the inside."

And then Annette's scathing reply, "Um! smarty he knows enough to cut out a snake bite! If my father had a double-jointed gumboil on the left side of his jaw in the morning and a cross between a hen's egg and a turkey's in the afternoon I'd never be seen walking down the trail with him."

Annette at her best was not overly prepossessing in her appearance and a slight squint added to one crossed eye, which fairly blazed by this time, had about exhausted her vocabulary. But Clorette seemed to be still fresh for the fray, and replied, "My father doesn't believe in using a

knife. So he always has a good, fresh supply of well-chewed tobacco on hand, good and wet to put on his snake bites and he says that he believes in good clean tobacco and he knows his is because he doesn't borrow a cud because he's too stingy to buy tobacco to chew. He says he is not going around with his hands so drawn up by cut out bites that they look like monkey claws." And with this parting shot, Clorette, I am sorry to say, spoiled her good looking nose and cunning little mouth by making a most hideous face. Knowing she was a much better runner, she told Annette she would give her just five minutes to make the north trail and if she caught up to her she wouldn't be able to walk to school for a week. Annette was able to take a hint and didn't linger to see if Clorette meant what she said.

## CHAPTER LXVIII

The boys decided they would set traps for otters on the trail near the schoolhouse and look after them in the mornings.

The Saturday before the Christmas Holidays, Pierre and Jules came after the boys at school in a double seated sleigh. The snow was too deep for the carriages.

Pierre was going on a trip to the glass works at Marshallville and then down to the Wistar Glass Works near Salem. So he took the boys with them.

On the way back home the next day they stopped at a friend's in Blackwoodtown for dinner.

The host laughingly told them of a trip a good sized party took to Taunton in the early Fall for cranberries.

They filled a big market wagon with young folks and big clothes baskets with dinners and started before four o'clock in the morning. They went so far and didn't get anywhere that they

decided they were lost in the woods and the next cabin they passed, if they ever did pass one, they would get out and inquire.

A mile or two farther on they came to a wretched cabin. After many knockings a head came out of the window and an inquiry of what was wanted made them reply, "Is this the right road to Taunton?"

"It's the right road to Hades," which he rendered in plain language, "and if you keep on long enough you'll get there and I hope you'll stay there when you do." With this last remark the head disappeared. A few miles farther on they sighted Taunton.

## CHAPTER LXIX

Lucien and Zenaide Bonaparte had spent a few quiet days at the chateau during Indian Summer. This was the life that the studious Prince Charles Lucien loved best.

He was a scientist and had been founder and president of many scientific organizations in Italy, the most loved one being for the birds.

Cecile, Eugenie, and Phoebe Bowne were delighted to read and translate with the gifted Zenaide the dramas of Schiller.

When they left the chateau, it was with the promise of a visit from the chateau folks and Phoebe Bowne during the holiday week of Yuletide. This week followed the week of the boys' visit to the glass works.

A wonderful Noël tree, selected from the great evergreens of the tract, had been sent to Point Breeze, ahead of the party. The next day, followed branches of laurel, holly, spruce, and mistletoe with wreathes made of the everlasting flowers that were wound and formed on barrel staves and

hoops by colored men's hands that had become skillful from long practice.

Many thousands of these wreaths, together with trees and branches, found a ready market in New York and Philadelphia.

Nimbo, with a sleigh filled with gifts, met them at Barnegat. The gifts had been stored at the upper chateau by Pierre and Eugenie when they came home by sleigh from New York and were brought down as far as Barnegat the night before.

The school master and his family were in charge at the chateau and took charge of the preparations at the tract. These were always very extensive. This visit to royalty was the first time since Cecile's marriage that she had not been there to oversee it. To the whole tract this festivity had become the great event of the year.

The snow was so deep and the air was so cold that the sleighs drawn by the belled horses were drawn easily along wherever an open clearing could be found, even when the clearing happened to be the turf fence enclosure of some more remote settler.

They started the afternoon of the twenty-third and reached the Lake House in time for the evening meal. Count de Servilliers gave a

children's party in the evening, to which were invited all the children of the neighborhood. Possibly in many an old forgotten diary is recorded the beautiful splendors of that party.

They went first to the lake for skating. Gifts of skates to any child who did not own them were provided. The count stood some distance away and threw apples and oranges to all within catching distance, and it was remarkable how skillful they were in catching.

From the pond they went to the great ball rooms, where they took part in the children's games.

After a very bountiful supper, all the children were sent home in sleighs with gifts for themselves and their parents. The home party finished the evening with the old dances of the French people.

The next day, while the great preparations were going on at the houses, the children were skimming over the ice-glazed surface of the lake in silver sleds in the shape of beautiful swans with the servants in livery in attendance.

Games of snow-balling and skating varied the sports, the only interruptions of the day being the hours of dinner and supper.

Noël Eve was celebrated by religious services and the ancient carols of France, while in the domed heavens was heralded the "Star of the East."

Directly after the early breakfast which succeeded the morning service, the whole household gathered in the library, where the magnificently trimmed Noël tree was the great center of attraction.

The huge heaped up gifts all around the room were ably distributed by the count, assisted by Pierre and Jules and Lucien.

It is doubtful if ever those gifts were ever excelled in the province at any later date.

The great state dinner was served in the banquetting room directly afterward.

The late afternoon was spent in readings of the ancient ballads of Noël time by Cecile and Zenaide. Phoebe Bowne then chanted the stories of "Merrie England" and finished with an early Dutch ballad of the Province. Everybody saw in their inner vision the little Dutch cradles rocking and rocking, so expressive was her rendering.

They decided to walk over to the Lake House. As they came out of the house and halted on the veranda they were spellbound, for the night was



a repetition of the glorious beauty that surrounded the heavens and the earth at the time of the great mystery of the "falling stars."

Mammy Liza told them that many pieces of stone were found scattered over the cabin floors and about the fireplaces late the next day. She knew when she opened the cabin door that they must have been falling by the thousands.

Pierre said that one of the men on the north tract said that the fields were sprinkled with them more in the western part of the province.

Midnight found the houses wrapped in the sable robes of night, the occupants happy in the "sleep that is the image of death."

They started home the next morning soon after the late breakfast. After the lingering adieus had been said, Phoebe Bowne said to Princess Zenaide, "Friend Zenaide Bonaparte thou art worthy to be the niece of a great man, the daughter of a kind father, and a helpmate to an earnest and studious husband. I gratefully thank thee for the gracious gifts thou hast bestowed upon me and I know thou hast accepted my humble gifts in the spirit of true giving.

"No matter where thy footsteps may wander, my thoughts will always turn to thee especially

at the time when the 'Great Gift of our Redeemer' is celebrated. Farewell."

Phoebe Bowne wasn't aware until she opened the huge boxes when she arrived at the school master's that she was in possession of probably the finest trousseau that any girl had ever had in the province. The thoughtful donor had secretly found the quietly concealed coat of arms of the maiden's family and had it used in all the markings.

## CHAPTER LXX

The winter sped rapidly after this. And when the snow birds flew north over the pine tops all the woods folks knew that the woods and marshes and meadows would soon be green.

Then the men began to gather more often in groups at the stores at the different forks to discuss "horse swappings," in the art of which they were experts. They all agreed to a man that a swapper of the Quiet Persuasion was the one who always noted the greatest number of points. They would never single him out when they wanted to rid themselves of a horse.

In May one of the dread forest fires swept in its fury along the tract but was stopped by the usual method of meeting the fire by another fire that was guided by skilled fire fighters and sanding the trails that it left. The quiet atmosphere prevented the leaping of the flames across the tree tops, which is always so much dreaded.

The men called to mind the terrible fire they fought a few years before, when the woods sur-

rounding the great summer resort at Taunton blazed in fury for several hours.

Only the humble settlers on the tracts around ever knew that those fire-fighters were valiant heroes. For had it reached Taunton, few there would have been to have told the tale.

The burnt hands were tenderly cared for by the colored folks and Indians and many a sincere pow-wow was muttered over the poor burnt fingers.

Had any one passed through the tract days afterward they would have seen the turf and moss of the trails still burning or smouldering, ready at any heavy wind-blow to start out afresh.

Only those who have lived on the plantations adjoining the belts can realize the awful experience through which the fire-fighters pass. It is often a question whether or not a chance spark will not reaching the buildings of the farms and hamlets just beyond.

## CHAPTER LXXI

Eugenie was to start the first of June for France. She expressed the wish that she might take the beautiful flora of the woods home with her. Her eyes had the keenness of the hawk in finding the numerous species, so much did she love them.

Pierre decided to take the family with him, as he expected to take Eugenie home. He was going to stop in England on business.

They started by wagons and were joined at Freehold by Jules and Phoebe Bowne, who were quietly married just before starting to New York.

To Bob this crossing the ocean was a first experience and was to him a voyage of many surprises. Every morning he came on deck at the change of the watch.

He never tired of the wonderful glows of the rising sun on the bosom of the ocean.

They stopped at Liverpool, then journeyed up to London where the family stayed while Pierre

attended to his various business transactions. But he didn't tell them that he went back to Liverpool and consulted lawyers and old records until he found a clue to Bob's mother's parentage.

He and the lawyers went down to an estate of prestige, where they found an old man lamenting the fact that no direct heir would come into possession at his demise.

From him they drew the story of Bob's grandmother marrying the head farmer's son and going down to Liverpool to emigrate to America.

She was the daughter of a famous judge. She didn't wait to find out if she would be forgiven. They had searched long and earnestly, but never had found a trace of her. But she never knew how well she covered her tracks. For it would at that time have taken the fierceness of wolves and the cunning of the fox to have penetrated the fastnesses of her forest hiding place.

She could not raise him up, but he brought her down to his level. Bob's mother was the only one of a large family of children who exhibited any indication of from what the mother had sprung. She, poor woman, with the hidden refinement in her soul, never had a chance. But the miracle of her death gave Bob one.

Bob was past twelve years old now, but with more mature experience than many a sheltered boy of twenty. This made him keen in his judgment.

Pierre came up to London and took him back with the lawyer to the old estate. On the way the story was carefully told to him.

## CHAPTER LXXII

A startled look passed over the owner's face as Bob very quietly acknowledged the formal introduction. Then he quietly pointed to a picture under which the boy was standing. One would have thought he had just stepped from the frame. It was the picture of his great-grandfather at his own age.

"After looking at the picture for a generation I confess to the shock of the living," said the owner.

"Bob," said Pierre, "we have decided to let you make your own decision. I feel sure whatever you decide will be the right thing to do."

"Master Robert Newham," said the lawyer, "You are given the choice of staying here at the ancient home of your mother's people and receiving a substantial allowance until you attain your majority, at which time you will be given part of the holdings, and at the demise of the present owner you or your direct heirs will inherit the estate. Or you may stay with the family who



have so fortunately ended our search for a direct heir, with the present guardian whom Mr. Nevarret has appointed in the Province working jointly with the family lawyer in England.

"The allowance will be made in the same manner. But in either case we deem it best for you to attend school in this country from your nineteenth year until your majority."

With these remarks, Pierre and the lawyer left him to talk over the situation and give the owner and Bob an opportunity to get better acquainted.

"Robert," said the owner, "you will be a very welcomed boy in this home and whatever you feel you would like done in regard to any one of your family we will make provision for."

"My dear Sir," Bob replied, "I cannot leave Jim, we have become blood brothers."

"What do you mean by that, Robert?"

"It is like this," said Bob. "We rode a good many miles on horseback one Saturday half holiday last Spring to the Indian Settlement for the chief to perform the ceremony. We promised to stand by each other while that blood flowed in our bodies and to walk the same paths if possible to the "Happy Hunting Grounds." We were always to watch each other's footsteps, if one of

us stumbles the other must lift him up; we must never leave the fallen brother. The Chief looked at me so strangely and said, "Bob, you are the older, always remember. After that they had the solemn dance of triumph.

"I'll come willingly to the school and will try to get as much education as possible before that time. Something inside of me tells me that I'll not disappoint you.

"If you could let Mister Nevarret settle land on the family outside the Belt where the earning of a living would be less difficult and their children could go to the village schools it would be the best help that could be given.

"They all seem to be able to make things grow no matter how poor the sand is. Mother used to say her mother said it was because her father came of a line of farmers, but he never did anything much in that line on the work question and he died because he drank the fresh apple juice they called Apple Jack that was being distilled at the kind farmer's who was always willing to give him some work and a good meal. This farmer lived on a big plantation away up on the shore tract and had several large stills. My grandfather was helping the men. When they

went for dinner he was left to watch some work they had not finished. Before they left they warned him not to touch the new Apple Jack for it would burn him to death.

"When they came back after dinner, my grandfather lay dead under an appletree with the empty Apple Jack bottle beside him.

"My grandmother lived with my mother and died when I was a little boy. She used to say whenever she looked at me, after she got what folks call queer; 'Bred back! Bred back!' And mother said she said the words when she was dying, 'Bred back! Bred back! Don't let the spark go out.' "

"Well, Robert, she probably wasn't so queer but her mind had gone back to the days of her youth and she saw what startled me a few minutes ago: the wonderful likeness you have to her father.

"It was the mark of features which belonged to a long line of people of the same blood. It is one way by which geneologists place families. It was always used in the long gone days of the past centuries for the 'Bar Sinister.'

"I am a lone man, boy. The years will prove whether or not you have chosen wisely. We will

arrange with Mr. Nevarret to have you spend some of your summers in England. Probably his son will be sent to France for his education."

They dined with the owner of the estate. Then Bob and Pierre went back to London and the trip was explained to the family.

They left Eugenie and baby Pierre in France, much to Bob's silent regret. They arrived at the tract in time for the second half of the summer term.

## CHAPTER LXXIII

The boys spent their first Saturday half-holiday at the distant Indian settlement, where they were allowed to wear the stuffed hawk as a head dress and were painted the red and white colors of the "Peace Paint."

The king folded around Bob a raccoon mantle that had been worn by his ancestor, the great king. The totem of that great ancestor was painted in red and red and white over the back and breast of the mantle. "In those days they were all light hearted children."

They took part with the Lenni Lenapes in the many dances of the harvest gatherings. The one that impressed the boys most was the dance in which only men and boys took part. They had deer antlers on their heads and held pine branches in their hands. It was a circle dance and when they came to a common center the branches covered them so completely that the dancers had the appearance of a mass of green foliage in a sand clearing.

After this dance the girls formed a circle with the selected beauty in the center. All of these dancers carried light, slender pine boughs. The beauty first danced alone to the chanting of the other maidens.

No Baltimore Belle in the graceful waltz ever had excelled this freed spirit of the wilderness. The dance was as like the Bohemians' as if it had crossed the ocean from those mountain fastnesses.

When she had finished, the circle began and they waved the branches with a solemnity as the palm bearers entering the holy city.

The boys had witnessed the wonderful Dance of the Maidens. They did not know it, but it was a proof of the pact of blood brotherhood. Only a few white people had ever witnessed this very solemn festivity.

The awed silence was disturbed at the close by the great crashing of the branches beyond the camp. "Fear not," said the chieftain. "It is a stag with a hunter behind him."

Each boy was given as a parting gift an Indian drum and a long pipe.

## CHAPTER LXXIV

The next Monday they hurried home from school to go to Mammy Charlotte's cabin to tell spook stories while Sambo and Nimbo joined the big boys in hunting possums.

They put up one of Minty's brothers to play possum on Charlotte and she was kept busy trying to restore him from his death-like trances. When he came out of his spell the boys had a turn of so much violence that Charlotte had both heads soaked in vinegar and water. The heads were heavily wrapped with African bandages.

## CHAPTER LXXV

Pierre let the boys have a holiday the next Saturday, as there was going to be a big fishing party down near Tuckahoe and all the chateau folks had been invited. This was to finish with a barbecue in the afternoon. The ox had been provided by Pierre.

Just as they were about to start home, one of those quick storms of September came down upon them in lashing fury.

Out at sea could be seen that late afternoon the staunch ship of Captain John David who was making for port when the storm came upon him just out from the bar.

The young wife of a year and many another were watching and waiting on the shore, as the women-folk of the seafaring men always are.

The men on the shore, seeing the great peril, had begun to be ready for the needed help. Not one of them there but knew that the vessel on the next great wave upheaval would break mooring and strike on the bar.



The shrieks of the mothers told when it happened. It came toward the bar as if it were pushed by the fierce claws of dragons and as if demons were lifting it up from the deep.

The outgoing wave, churning every thing in its encircling embrace, hurled it back to its briny grave.

The last boat to leave it was the only one not drawn under in its wake. In it was Captain John David and his three faithful helpers.

Many and many an attempt was made to reach them but never a life line or boat could quite do it. Finally the boat was hurled against one of the stony islands and the wave that did it lifted the men and left them clinging desperately to the slimy stones of the scant refuge.

Boat after boat went out to help but some stayed as coffins. When the awful blackness of night came on two were seen still desperately clinging.

When morning came the sky was a golden tint and the ocean was mottled with silver. The deserted island was silent. In mercy the sea gave up its dead and left them at the feet of the waiting young wives.

## CHAPTER LXXVI

To counteract the shock to the boys, Pierre took them with him to New Mills on Monday to see the great hammer throwing contest and running matches.

On their way back they stopped at the flower man's in Bridgetown and bought the daffodils, crocuses, narcissus, snowdrops, and tulips that Cecile had ordered. They stopped at the cooper's at Upper Evesham and ordered the barrels, hoops, and staves for the overseers for the packing of the fall products.

At the enclosure of the chateau they looked in the sweet potato house with its slow fire that helps to strengthen the potatoes and prevent decaying before they had properly dried.

## CHAPTER LXXVII

The years came and went, with many a trip abroad. The household busy, the boys happy, until the May that James was fifteen.

No one ever thought anything of the boy's pleasure in the society of the dainty Kathleen.

The crash came when Pierre slowly driving by the neat rose enclosure of the Devere clearing saw James carefully handing Kathleen down from the top of the turf fence and caught the unmistakable look in James' love adorning young eyes.

Pierre's arrogant soul was lashed through and through. And he laid his plans accordingly as he slowly drove home.

Alas, these plans were seven years too late. Beautiful, delicate Kathleen had cried her way into James' generous heart her first day at school.

When Pierre arrived home he had a talk in the office with Cecile, the import of which neither of them divulged.

At the supper table, Pierre asked Bob if he would take the mules to the blacksmith's on the

lower tract the next morning. He wished him to start at seven the next morning and stop at the cooper's for the barrels. He didn't care if they didn't get back until evening.

As Bob had often taken charge of the mules before the request didn't seem unusual.

## CHAPTER LXXVIII

That night Mammy Liza and Niobe silently and deftly packed until the dawn.

Bob started off blithely. When James had finished breakfast his father told him they had very suddenly decided to go to New York. He expected to take him and his mother with him. They hoped to get started by eight; would he please hurry.

Several teams were ready and in one were the sea-chests, placed in the early morning by Mammy Liza and Niobe, and the silence of the slave exacted from them.

They reached New York just in time to take an outgoing steamer. James knew from his father's haughty bearing that this was no time for questioning. The only answer he could get from his sad, grave mother was, "James, we are doing as your father has planned."

Every time he looked at Mammy Liza he could feel again her protecting arms around him and the lullabies she crooned at his cradle. As a slave

born in the family she never talked to the foreign slave, Niobe about it.

But Niobe afterwards told Sambo that Mammy Liza talking in her dreams would moan to be told what had happened to her young Master, she wanted to be enlightened on the haunting mystery.

James was put to school in Paris. Then the family spent a month at the old estates and started back home.

When Bob arrived at the blacksmith's he was informed that the mules didn't need any shoeing. The cooper told him the order for the barrels was not expected to be filled for a month.

## CHAPTER LXXIX

Bob had time to consider by the time he had ridden fifteen miles. The young man who had taken Jules' place gave him a sealed package when he came into the office.

A natural feeling of delicacy caused him to take his first look alone. He wended his way to the chapel. In the solemn atmosphere of the sanctuary, he opened the packet.

In it Pierre told him that the direst necessity, as he saw it, had made him deceive him. He was as much pained to do it as he knew that Bob would be to have it done to him.

"Whatever may come in the future, I have done what I have done for the best. I am taking James to Paris and expect to put him in school. The madam and I are going down to the old estate for a short visit and hope to bring Eugenie and Pierre home with us.

If you feel I am beyond forgiveness, I know you will always have a welcome at your guardian's Mr. Neille's."

Neither of the boys had ever attended the summer sessions of school. So nobody thought strange when Master Bob after eating his dinner that Mammy Charlotte had especially prepared for him ordered a fresh horse and rode away toward the west. After he knew that the home folks had lost sight of him he covered his trail and took the long north west trail to the Indian Settlement.



## CHAPTER LXXX

He arrived in silence and was met in silence by the chieftain. Bob at fifteen had made the great sacrifice that had called him from his youth to manhood and James was to have performed the rite that summer. In silence he handed him the letter.

The chieftain broke the long, waiting silence by saying: "The master has willed that his son's spring shall have no summer. Robert, here is your opportunity to requite the deep kindness of a very haughty man, to whom I have in my inner thoughts always bowed. It was a wrong course to take and he will be the greatest sufferer for like our own race he will suffer in silence. To you it will be given to break that long silence.

"Before you go back to the Tract, go to the place of your long Meditation and commune with your own spirit and then you will know I am right."

"Stay with your adopted father, you who are the son of his spirit and not of his flesh. Be to

the boy, who will after this great upheaval be strangely erring, because his father failed in the gifts of knowing that James had all the requisites to make a great leader for right or for wrong, the strong elder brother of your blood compact. If you fail now you will be showing the weakness of your mother's father and not the great strength of your great grandfather, the great judge, in whose image you are created. I have spoken. Let us partake of the long pipe of Peace."

## CHAPTER LXXXI

Three days afterward, Bob appeared at the chateau emaciated from the long fasting, but with such a composure of countenance, that it prevented the boldest from questioning him.

He took up life again with great vigor, had as much interest in all the dealings of the estate while Pierre was away as though he were to be heir to the holdings.

When the family arrived a few weeks afterward he was capable of meeting them naturally. When he greeted Eugenie and the boy Pierre he was able to so adroitly veil his facial expression that Pierre Nevarret never knew that his own sister, eleven years older than Robert, was the supreme love of the boy he had befriended.

The wisdom of the judge, came to Bob's assistance and warned him to watch his own conduct.

## CHAPTER LXXXII

May of the following spring witnessed the family going back to France and Bob to England for the education he was to pursue until his majority.

Sad rumors had been constantly coming to them of the reckless life James was leading in Paris. He had reasoned the whole affair out and had pretty accurately made up his mind about the cause of all the mystery surrounding that hasty trip to France.

The Nevarrets had always been good haters but refinement and education had helped them always to cloak it from the public eye. All the bitterness of the past generations seemed to enter poor James' soul when he realized the scorn that his father had heaped upon his unconscious head.

Bob met him in Paris and was so kind to him that poor Jim broke down. "Why didn't you tell, Bob?" he said.

"I'd have warned you, Jim, if I had known but I didn't. The trip that I took to that distant

hamlet was taken in order to get me out of the way."

"And you stood for that, Bob?"

"Yes, and if it is to be I'll stand for much more. I am what I am because of your father.

"The feeling I have for you, Jim, is that of a cherished brother. You must never think otherwise no matter what the outward appearance may be."

Bob stayed in England long after he had attained his majority. The tenants of the estate regarded him as the young master. This feeling was encouraged by the owner. To him Bob was in every way a desirable heir.

Intuition seemed to take Bob to Paris just when Jim needed him most. Eugenie probably took a hand in assisting Bob to that knowledge.

## CHAPTER LXXXIII

Pierre called James home at his majority. Bob met him in London and they came home by Liverpool. Jim had plenty of time to become thoroughly sobered during the sea voyage.

When they appeared at the chateau, even with the years of dissipation, he was very distinguished in appearance.

Neither of the men knew that a week before Pierre sent for James, Kathleen Devere had married Tartan MacGilkennie.

When James saw Kathleen her lovely delicate beauty made him think of the beautiful French lilies. His manner was courtly. Neither Pierre nor Bob detected a single flaw.

The appealing look in Kathleen's sad, dark eyes and the sensitive quiver of the beautiful, smiling lips was like the piercing of a blazing arrow aimed at his heart.

James kept sober, to the surprise of the entire tract. Many and many a rumor had come to the

settlements of the gay doings of the young master in Paris.

Bob was up at the Indian settlement one day and mentioned the fact to the chieftain and he received the weird reply of "Watch. The elder brother must Watch."

## CHAPTER LXXXIV

A fortnight after they came home they were down at the store at the lower fork, where an animated discussion of horse swapping was holding full sway.

Tartan MacGilkennie said that he liked money too well to ever spend it for a horse that he didn't know all about.

Jim, quietly listening in a corner, looked up and saw the greed of money in Tartan MacGilkennie's remark, and like his father seven years before he laid his plans. He quietly left the store. Even Bob didn't notice when he went.

When Tartan was part way up the trail Jim overtook him and adroitly suggested a proposition to which Tartan was to give an answer at the same place of meeting the next evening.

Cecile, sewing late in the evening, went suddenly asleep and was found by Jim when he arrived home, long past midnight.

He gently awakened her and they walked arm in arm together up the grand staircase, as they



often had walked in the years gone by. This was the first time since he came home. She left him with a loving goodnight at his bedroom door.

The moon at its zenith was flooding his room with silver light. As his head touched the pillow, his eyes glancing forward saw at their level, Thou shalt not covet—" All the beautiful thoughts and the teachings of his mother, all his boyhood came before his vision. He wrestled with his temptation, then hoped that Tartan MacGilkennie would sustain him. The moon in its beaming never removed from the level of his eyes until the day's first dawning outshone it.

Those words of that centuries old copy of the tablet that the great Hebrew Lawgiver gave to his people were scorched on his soul.

That day he spent with his mother. Every tender attention he could give her was given. Night found him at the meeting place. Tartan MacGilkennie was there first. When James saw him he knew he had lost his soul.

## CHAPTER LXXXV

The disappearance of Tartan MacGilkennie and the long searches in the wilderness that were made for him by kind neighbors assisted by Bob and Jim, were discontinued suddenly when the Deveres received a message of only a few words: "I will not be back; you needn't look for me." The message was sent on by runners from a far western settlement along the Alleghennies.

The chieftain, meeting Bob on the north-west trail, just after the runner's message, said, "The elder brother relaxed in his vigilance."

James stepped back in his tracks so carefully that even Pierre hadn't a suspicion of the means by which Cornelius Devere was able to raise enough money to procure a legal, correct divorce for his daughter Kathleen, so cruelly deserted by a man whom they had so faithfully trusted and who had proved to be such a villain.

## CHAPTER LXXXVI

Jim, coming into the sitting room a few evenings after the news of the divorce, was just in time to hear Pierre laughingly say to Cecile, "Guess young Tom Ballieu has forgotten how he used to torment Kathleen Devere when she was a girl. I saw him this afternoon riding a horse along the trail. He seem to be enjoying himself very much in what looked like a spirited race with Kathleen."

Jim too smiled with his lips and he drank the bitter dose as though it were a delight to his soul. But his eyes burnt like the red yellow glow of the bog iron when it had reached its greatest intensity.

The next morning a white slip of paper pushed in at the Devere's sitting-room window (where Kathleen sat sewing) without visible signs of any one near to do it, read: "When the sun touches the tallest pine in the clearing I'll be waiting at the swimming pool. Let us try to forget and to hope we are forgotten."

Not desiring to meet his father or any of the wood folks, they took the long trail toward Cranberry. At nine that evening they were quietly married at the oldest church at Indian's Ferry.

The forests were wide and many of the trails had by this time become deep rutted cart roads. A stage took them to the upper chateau. Their tired horses were sent the next day.

When Kathleen and James a week afterward appeared at the chateau, the cold look in Pierre's blue eyes was like the frozen mist in winter. He accepted the situation without comment.

The two central chateaux having been destroyed by fire during the great fire of the August previous, left the two distant chateaux, of which Pierre gave him his choice.

James took the shore chateau. Bob, going in to James' room after all his personal belongings had gone, missed the framed commandments, the pictures of Jim's parents and the boy picture of himself and Bob.

## CHAPTER LXXXVII

Jim, like his father, suffered in silence. Never by word or action did he hint to Kathleen his part of the pact with Scotch Tartan MacGilkennie. He drowned his thoughts by heavy drinking.

Jim was liked by the wood folks as much as by his own kind. He could joke as well as he could fight.

There was not a princely debauchery but what he was in it.

Two young Quakers, overhearing their mothers talking about young Robert Newham and his ceaseless vigilance in looking after James Nevarret and their sorrowing for his poor erring ways, decided that the next time they saw Bob thus worried they would help him out.

It was not long before they had a good chance. They were driving past the old tavern near the shore line trall, when they saw coming in the opposite direction, a princely crowd.

It was composed of a very undesirable element. Bob was standing in the lower trall with the

anxious look on his tired face. The Quakers asked him where Jim was. "A mile or so back, but you know what is going to happen when he reaches here."

The two young men, laying their Quaker consciences aside, told Bob they would fix that coming crowd. They told Bob to take the leader and let him enjoy himself in the manner he most liked. This time they would hand out the gold Eagles and half-eagles to the eager crowd in the tavern. But they would make those coins count when they handed them out.

They were going to buy everybody off to keep sober. The tavern keeper was told of the joke and was willing to help out, for everybody on the tract was sorry for Bob and his self imposed task.

The two young men then met the on-coming party. They let the leader pass with a friendly nod. As each of the other riders passed them they very secretly whispered a few words which caused the rider to vanish as soon as he heard the message.

Not one was left when those two young men joined Bob at the tavern.

The leader of the party, with a quizzical look of astonishment at seeing these three young men

in a place like this, immediately called for drinks all around and to make them strong ones.

Everybody was filled to the greatest capacity. But strange to say they all walked home sober with a shining, new, gold half-eagle flipping in their fingers.

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII

It may have been a mistaken way for these young men to render help to Bob. But by this timely assistance helped to sustain Bob in his self imposed life work.

In a very short time a quiet posse of many of "David and Jonathan's" friends were able compatriots. These two young men had been known by this name since youth because of the likeness of their friendship to that of the ancient Hebrew youths.

The mysterious whisper to the riders was "Never mind where your leader goes! Fagan is five down the south trail and is moving very rapidly this way. His ghost has slipped from the chains. All you take to the north-west trail. What do you care for what happens to the man in the tavern!" No second warning was needed.

Some of these riders remembered often hearing their grandfathers tell about "Fagan," the great



pine robber, who had been caught and hung to a tree. He was left there until his flesh dropped from the bones. The rattling skeleton left there as a warning was seen for many a day swaying in the breeze.

The rollicking prince, was not lacking a sufficient sense of humor, when he came to his senses began to review the situation. He made a fairly good guess why and how his party had been interrupted. He set his not remarkably refined intellect to work to hunt out a new sobriquet for the young men who had so easily defeated him. He succeeded so well that the sobriquet followed them a generation.

## CHAPTER LXXXIX

The year that Jeanette Devere Nevarret was born was the year that her grandfather Pierre Nevarret died.

On his death bed he called for the old chieftain. When the chieftain left his bedside and met James in the lower hall, he said, "I am here to say to you, my son of the blood-brotherhood, go to your father; forgive and be forgiven."

Jim had time after that to rest his weary spirits for nearly a year. Then Cecile, Jim's strength in his weakness, laid her heavy burden down and glided away to the "Great Beyond." Soon after little Jeanette joined her.

## CHAPTER XC

The years came and went with a great reduction of the bog iron industries. Defeat of the great works of his people worried James until it was noticed that he seldom left the chateau or the offices.

The long years of dissipation had told on his naturally strong constitution. He stopped drinking when the industries needed his undivided attention. It was too late.

The night before Jim departed he had one of those queer unexplainable premonitions which we all sometimes in our lives have had.

Kathleen noted his strange look and asked him what was the matter.

To which he replied, "Something walked over my grave."

The following day they knew that Jim was to take the long journey.

"Jim," said Kathleen, "We know and you know that you are going. Before you go, I want to tell you that I helped to carry the burden of your sin which was our sin all these years.

"The great love that I had for you gave me the woman's intuition to find out the clew of your moral and spiritual undoing.

"Oh Jim, let the Reverend Father absolve you. I want you to have eternal peace. You have earned it. I have been your Purgatory."

"But at the same time you have been my heaven," whispered Jim.

Kathleen leaned over and kissed him solemnly, knowing that this was the parting.

Not another word was spoken. But when the Reverend Father opened the door she passed out into the old confessional of the chapel. It was here that Jim had spent so many unhappy hours pacing to and fro before the tablet with whose broken commandment he had scourged his soul.

It was here that the Reverend Father found her.

"Peace be unto you, daughter," he said. "The wearied body is at rest. The troubled soul is quieted. To both of you the penance was severe but it has purged your souls of the years of dross."

Just before the passing of Jim he looked up at Bob who was standing beside the Father and whispered, "Don't leave me. For you, my more than brother, represent to me the beautiful, pure life that I lost. I can go into the Great Beyond

with the feeling that I am forgiven if the last face I see is yours. The face that all these long years I have crucified with the face of the man of sorrows who died on the cross."

The chieftain a few moments afterward loosed the clasped hands of the living and dead.

Then he said to Bob, "To both of us is left a mission. You to watch the frail flower, and I will bring back the erring Tartan MacGilkennie."

## CHAPTER XCI

It was noticed by the settlers that a short time after the news of Tartan's leaving the swiftest of the young Indian runners was often from the settlements. This runner and Jim were to have taken together the solemn rite of the passing into the estate of manhood (known as the side brother) that fatal summer that marked the beginning of the fall instead of the uplifting of a strong character.

In the solemn hush, as the assistants were about to shut away from mortal sight the face of James, this Indian runner silently appeared. He placed on James' heart the sacred token that was to have been his after their silent meditations, the year they were fifteen. In silent faith he had waited all these years for this awed moment, never wavering in his allegiance to his blood brother.

With one long look at the face of the called of his blood rite, he left as silently as he came.

## CHAPTER XCII

Three weeks afterwards, this runner appeared with a man at the Indian settlement. This man he had watched all these years, dwelt on the banks of the Alleghany.

The Indian had allowed him to accumulate land and gold. But it was thus far and no farther, for he never had a true home.

A second runner was sent to inform Bob, who gently broke the news to Kathleen.

By the bedside of the dying Kathleen, in the presence of Bob, the bronze brother, the old chieftain, and the Reverend Father, Tartan Mac-Gilkennie uttered the words a second time that would right a great wrong.

## CHAPTER XCIII

The last testament of James Nevarret was read to all the settlement the day after Kathleen was laid beside him. The tides of Barnegat which they both loved so well in their lives, are with their ebb and flow still chanting their last long requiem. It was found by the will that the entire industry was to be removed to the settlements in the northwestern part of the state, where the hard iron was worked. All the workers and their families would be taken over and established in homes at the expense of the estate.

The Indian workers were to go back to their settlements with legacies. The manumitted slaves and free negroes were given land and material for their cabins on the edge of the colored settlements. A year's crop was given them for their living.

He left a special request that the freed Sambo and Niobe his wife would look after the infirm ones, as they both had promised his father to look



after him when they received their freedom. Their faithfulness was well rewarded with money as an outward token, but he never could repay their devotion.

All the remaining estate was left to Kathleen in trust. At her demise it was to be equally divided between Bob and Pierre Nevarret, the son of Eugenie.

## CHAPTER XCIV

A wood chopper who had roamed the world over and then dropped down on the pine belt as a last refuge, walked into the store at the forks a few evenings after the events just recorded, asked for a few "cowcumbers" and a portion of salt, sat down on a three-legged stool, peeled the cucumbers, dipped them in salt, and ate them with the relish of a pinewoodsman who knew by a human instinct that salt and a long walk to his woods home would kill all evil effects of that poisonous vegetable; listened for a time to get the drift of the animated talk about the bright man some twenty-five miles to the southward who had turned queer.

The men said his favorite pastime was employed in trying to make a machine to go up in the air. He had made one which he started off from the roof top, but fell to the ground, as any dunce might have known it would. They knew that nobody need ever expect to make floppers

like bird's wings. "Isn't that so?" said the speaker, addressing his remarks to the new comer. In reply to this challenge the new comer said, "There isn't anything queer about that man. He is as bright as a new eagle; he was born six generations too soon."

Then the conversation drifted to the strange lives of the great folks of the chateau. Many whys and reasons were given. Not one touched the mark. The silence of two races had completely obliterated the true reason.

The woodchopper, with his world-wide experience said, "That James Nevarret had always reminded him of the restless pacing of a caged lion in his cell. He believed if James Nevarret had the choice of being a dead lion or a living dog he was positive James would choose the dead lion. "Boys, you have lost a great leader. I am going back to the clearing."

## CHAPTER XCV

Bob and the attorneys sold the north chateau to a company which made it the nucleus of a shore resort. The lower chateau was bought by capitalists who turned it into a great health resort in the pines.

They sold the magnificent walnut trees to parties abroad. Men versed in woodcraft gave each other a knowing smile when the wonderful walnut-trees from the Black Forests were put on the markets in the new world.

The same worldly-wise woodchopper voiced the belt when he said "Six thousand miles or more, even for lumber, makes a good long trip."

Bob took up his home in Old England and became one of the most successful land proprietors of the shire. With his broad experience he was able to save where it had been squandered for years. Jim's money cleared the entailed estate of every debt.

He and Eugenie were married at the old estate in France and after a short trip to Italy to visit

Jules and Phoebe Devourie and the Princess Zenaïde, they went back to England. They were known as the English-American Squire and his French lady.

Aside from their liberality to the poor, they aided many of their own class who needed just a little assistance given as the early Quakers gave it. They kept the left hand from knowing what the right hand gave in help. They thus endeared themselves to all classes alike. Anything that did not quite explain itself to the conservative English mind was attributed to their broad Americanism of which Bob was always so extremely proud. No one ever had the courage to disparage the Jersey provinces in Bob's presence, or where he would be likely to hear about it. He was loyal to the pines where he first saw the light of day. Pierre divided his time between his two homes.

Earthly glories have come and gone from the forest-sheltered home of earth's many unfortunates since Bob's time. And we who have witnessed the passing, hope to cherish and perpetuate forever our beloved "Pines: the Watch Towers of the Old Kings of the Forests."



